THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, April 2, 1955

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

Vol. XLIX. No. 1256 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1955 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

THE NEWS IN REVIEW . . . . Page 458
ADMIRAL RADFORD'S PRIVATE WAR . . . 460
REFLECTIONS ON PARTY LOYALTY. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 460
LONDON DIARY. By Flavus 461
NATIONAL VACUUM. By Sagittarius . . . 462
THIS ENGLAND 462
LOOKING AT LIFE. By V. S. Pritchett . . 462
A SCIENTIST IN CHINA—II. By J. D. Bernal . 463
IVORY ISLAND. By Man Sunday 464
PRIVATE ENTERPRISE. By Edward Hyams . 466
BART ERRANT (with caricature by VICKY) . . 468
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
Politics Out of Town. By T. C. Worsley . 469
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.* Page
Round the Galleries. By John Berger . . 469
The Face of Violence. By Montagu Slater . 470
Fame's My Line. By William Salter . . 470
Hiroshima. By William Whitebait . . 471
CORRESPONDENCE 472
From Lieut.-Col. Shaul Ramati; Kenneth Robinson, M.P.; John Roddam; Jennifer Jenkins; P. K. Mares; Rev. J. C. Adams; Geoffrey Brereton; Tom Scott; Joyce Sanderson; Professor Lawrence Gowing; Paolo Treves; Leslie Hale, M.P.
BOOKS IN GENERAL:
Moore's Principia Ethica. By Stuart Hampshire 475
THE LOST JEWEL By Robert Graves . Page 476
REVIEWS:
Self-made Woman. By John Rosselli . . 476
Cybernetics. By O. L. Zangwill . . . 476
Fair Youth or Dark Lady? By John Jones 478
A Diversity of Lives. By Richard Lister . 479
New Novels. By Maurice Richardson . . 480
This Scepter'd Isle, Manhandled. By N. W. Pirie 480
SHORTER REVIEWS 481
WEEK-END COMPETITION 482
CHESS. By Assiac 483
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . . 484

Aneurin Bevan Back in the Team

So the attempt to expel Mr. Bevan from the Labour Party has failed. Faced with his good-tempered and generous response to their demand for "assurances"—which we print in the adjacent column—Mr. Morrison, Mr. Gaitskell and the big trade union leaders behind them were compelled, last Wednesday, to admit defeat. If the curmudgeonly tone of the National Executive Committee's resolution suggests that they did so with the worst of grace—this will harm nobody except themselves. Those who had hoped for reconciliation, however, will be disappointed. The Executive's resolution, instead of warmly welcoming Mr. Bevan's apology to Mr. Attlee and unequivocal acceptance of his leadership, does no more than "note" it.

So we can conclude that the Right-wing group are equally unforgiving both of Mr. Bevan's challenge to their authority and of Mr. Attlee's courageous refusal to sanction the purge on which they had set their hearts. They have been forced to retreat; but they are more convinced than ever that the Labour Party will never be the obedient machine they want as long as Mr. Bevan is a member of it. All this confirms the view we expressed last week that Mr. Attlee's leadership cannot be dispensed with. There is nobody who could succeed him and persuade the two wings of the Party to stop fighting and get ready for the electoral battle.

There are, of course, many who believe that success in this battle has been imperilled by three weeks of highly publicised internal conflict. We do not agree. At the very least this crisis has shaken the constituency workers out of the apathy into which they had been sinking for eighteen months. Ginger, even in dangerously large doses, can have a miraculous effect on a Socialist party's vitality. As for the non-political working man, who will decide Labour's fate in this as in every other election, he has an instinctive sympathy with the man who says what he thinks and refuses to be silenced by the big bosses. The fact that Mr. Deakin and Mr. Williamson have failed to get rid of Mr. Bevan will do a great deal to counteract the belief that there is no real difference between Conservative and Labour.

It is this which caused so many Labour supporters, in recent by-elections, to stay at home. The real obstacle to the high total poll which is a prerequisite of a Labour victory is not the occasionally vitriolic language of Mr. Bevan but the caricaturists' picture of that pallid, interchangeable figure, Mr. Butskell. Anyone who wants another five years of Butskellism will vote Tory, whether Mr. Bevan is inside or outside the Labour Party. Those who feel it is time for a change are far more likely to vote Labour now that Mr. Attlee has proved to them that he is still a Socialist and wants Mr. Bevan in his team.

MR. BEVAN'S STATEMENT

Throughout this controversy it has been stated that no differences of policy are involved. Even if there were, there seems no good reason why they should not be resolved within the Party, without personal recrimination and in a way that would leave the essential unity of the Party unimpaired. In a great party such as ours there must always be argument about how to apply the principles of Socialism to a particular situation. The essence of democracy in a political party is to enable the argument to proceed, while at the same time maintaining the effectiveness of the party in action. It is not always easy to achieve this, but we must always strive for it and I shall do my best to make it possible.

The charge is that, in what I have done and also in the way I have done it, I have created difficulties for Mr. Attlee and caused him embarrassment in his position as Leader of the Party. This was certainly never my intention. But if my actions or speech could lend themselves to the interpretation that such was my motive, then I am sincerely sorry and I apologise to Mr. Attlee for any pain I may have caused him.

I ask for nothing more than the opportunity to serve our Party under his leadership. In doing so I claim no more privileges than, and accept the same obligations as, those shared by all other members of the Party.

The News in Review

FROM Friday, March 25, publication of newspapers belonging to members of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association stopped on the expiry of strike notices by maintenance men, organised in the A.E.U. and E.T.U. Before the war the basic rate, on day-work, for these engineers and electricians was £6 a week; the present rate was £10 11s. 6d. a week—an increase of under 80 per cent. (Night workers got £12 7s. 6d.) Contending that their wages had not kept pace with living costs, that new techniques (electronics, etc.) had meant increased responsibilities and skills, and that the newspaper industry was exceedingly profitable, the men were demanding a basic day-work wage of £13 10s. a week—125 per cent. more than in 1939—with the normal differential for night work. The employers' rejected offer was an advance of 10s. 6d. a week for day and 12s. for night work.

Realising that agreement on similar offers, which other unions in the industry had provisionally accepted, would be wrecked if bigger concessions were to be made to A.E.U. and E.T.U. members, the N.P.A. (usually indulgent to wage claims) was adamant; and, for similar reasons, its offer of arbitration—on an issue compromised by the other provisional agreements—did not appeal to the A.E.U. and E.T.U. On March 29 N.P.A. members gave notice (effective April 15) to their printing staffs. Intention, presumably, to turn the other unions against the maintenance men; effect problematic. Printers generally have slipped far down the wages ladder since 1939.

With London "national" newspapers out of circulation, and copies of the *Manchester Guardian* hard to obtain, we give on this page a brief review of the week's most significant news.

Overseas

WITH THE Paris Agreements ratified by the French Senate, the Western Powers had to make up their minds how to give effect to repeated reassurances that there would be "no obstacle" to talks with the Soviet Union after ratification. Last week-end, echoing President Eisenhower's hopes of "exploratory talks," Marshal Bulganin said that he would take "a positive attitude towards the question of a Four-Power Conference." In the Commons on Monday, Sir Anthony Eden said that Britain was now consulting with its allies as to the methods "by which we can now go ahead." He suggested that meetings "may be in the first instance at the official level, and then at Foreign Ministers' level, and then probably at other levels also, if all goes well." A spokesman of the State Department in Washington confirmed that the three Western Powers were having "quite active consultations" about a Four-Power meeting; the French Minister, M. Pinay, according to an interview in *Die Welt*, held out hopes that a conference might be held in June; and Signor Martino, the Italian Foreign Minister, in Washington, suggested (apparently with Mr. Dulles' approval) that a Seven-Power (Western) meeting might be held in Paris during May. Dissent, both from the U.S. and his own Foreign Secretary, was implied by Sir Winston Churchill on Tuesday. It might be better, he told the Commons, first "to have the wish and the will [for peace] expressed from the summit"—*i.e.*, by a meeting of Heads of States. Meanwhile, Chancellor Raab, of Austria, had accepted the Russian invitation to go to Moscow for treaty discussions with Mr. Molotov; the Soviet aim would be to secure Austrian neutrality.

ON MARCH 24 the President of the Federal German Republic signed the Paris Agreements, completing ratification. This was followed, on Monday, by an announcement from the Federal Constitutional Court that it would agree to hear, on April 7, the Social-Democratic plea that the Saar Agreement is unconstitutional. The Bonn Government, due to present its counter-claim before the Court on April 18, hoped that, by then, M. Pinay, French Foreign Minister, would have visited Bonn, and that some progress towards French and German agreement on the interpretation of the Saar Statute would have been made.

At their Annual Congress last week-end, the Free Democrats, re-electing Dr. Dehler as chairman, with three highly conservative vice-chairmen, confirmed that the party is now ruled by its Right-wing elements.

Herr Blank, War Minister designate, left for London on Monday, to discuss Germany's Defence contribution to Nato. Our Bonn correspondent, in a later column, discusses the complication which has arisen over the Bonin affair.

BRUSSELS was threatened with disorder, last week-end, over the issue of Catholic schools. Planning to reform the educational system, the Coalition (Socialist-Liberal) Government had proposed to reduce the £23m. subsidy to Church-run schools by £3m. Following noisy student demonstrations dispersed by the police, the Social Christians had organised a "march on Brussels"—to which the Government's reply was to ban the assembly, cancel special trains, and proclaim a state of emergency in Brabant. The "march" fizzled out, though there were demonstrations in the streets which had to be broken up by fire hoses. M. Lefèvre, President of the Christian Social Party, later announced that future opposition would be confined to Parliament.

A NEW state of emergency was proclaimed last Sunday in Pakistan. The Governor-General, Mr. Ghulam Mohammed, who dissolved the Constituent Assembly and declared an "emergency" last October, now assumed supreme powers—including the authority to frame a new constitution. Previously the Sind Chief Court had issued writs ordering that the President of the Assembly should be allowed to continue in his office, and debarring the new Ministers, appointed last autumn, from functioning. Last week the Pakistan Federal Court held that the Sind Court had acted *ultra vires*, since the enabling laws on which it relied had not received the Governor-General's assent. This ruling invalidated 46 laws passed, since 1948, by the Assembly, and also the imprisonment of numerous political offenders. Becoming virtually dictator, the Governor-General was taking a short cut out of the tangle.

JOINING emphatically on Tuesday in the Security Council's unanimous condemnation of the Israeli action in the Gaza Strip—which Lt. Col. Shaul Ramati describes in our correspondence columns—Britain announced simultaneously in London her adherence to the Turco-Iraqi Treaty. Isolation of Israel was emphasised by this pointed gesture of support for the Arabs; the revision of the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty was expected to provide further concessions about Western air bases.

THE APPOINTMENT of five new Judges means that Premier Strydom has decided to pack the Appeal Court, and thus overcome the Court's insistence on a two-thirds majority for constitutional change—e.g., removal of Cape Coloured voters from the electoral roll, or proclamation of a Republic. By an amendment to the Passports Bill, the Government is now seeking to prevent citizens who hold British, as well as Union, passports from leaving the Union on the strength of British papers.

THE EXPECTED fighting started on Tuesday in Saigon between Government troops and the private armies of the Cao Dai, Hoa Hao and Binh Xuyen sects which had infiltrated the city. Accusing Premier Diem of autocratic rule, the sect leaders asked Bao Dai, still at Cannes, to intervene and establish a new Government "on a democratic and healthy basis." On March 30 the position in the city remained confused: eight of Diem's Ministers had resigned.

At Home

PUBLISHED on Tuesday, the Government's *Economic Survey, 1955* (H.M.S.O., 1s. 6d.) was objective, dead-pan: it gave little or no clue to Mr. Butler's budget. The findings were:

(1) *Favourable.* In 1954, industrial output rose by 6½ per cent, and productivity per man by nearly 5 per cent. Including services, the "gross domestic product" was 4 per cent higher; and though exports rose by 4 per cent in value, investment (fixed and in stocks) was up by £175m., despite some increase in expenditure on consumption. Undistributed profits (after tax) of companies rose by £200m. Treasury revenue was up, borrowings down.

(2) *Unfavourable.* During 1954, the sterling area's balance of foreign payments worsened. The U.K. balance alone swung from a surplus of £58m. with non-sterling countries, in January-June, to a deficit of £167m. in July-December; and the balance of "the rest" from a surplus of £113m. to one of merely £3m. British goods failed to make headway in dollar markets, and the terms of trade went against us.

Observing that Bank Rate was raised to moderate the expansion of home demand, limit imports, check stock-piling, and give added encouragement to exports, the *Survey* took a cautiously optimistic view of both export markets and prospects for domestic investment. Policy would still be to give "adequate incentives . . . for long-run expansion," while ensuring that domestic consuming power was not so great as "to interfere with the growth of exports or to attract a larger volume of imports than the nation can afford." Interpretation was not made easier by the assertion that though policy might involve "temporarily limiting the increase in home demand," yet, unless the terms of trade worsened seriously, there was "every prospect that more of our resources can be used . . . for improving living standards." No cuts in purchase tax but some larger allowances? As good a guess as any for April 19.

STOPPAGE of work which began in the Merseyside and Manchester docks on Monday was due to the inflexible and clumsy tactics of the area Dock Labour Boards. There were local agreements in Manchester and the Merseyside that registration books, without which no man can work in the docks, would be given only to men with a union card. Hitherto this had meant a T. and G.W. card; but in recent months some of the dockers had joined the Stevedores' union. When the half-yearly re-registration began this week, an attempt was made to deny registration to all but members of the T. and G.W. The result was a revolt, in which T. and G.W. members came out alongside members of the other union; they refused to return to work until the Dock Labour Board agreed to re-register dockers irrespective of their union affiliation. This was

conceded, first, in Manchester, and (on Tuesday) in Liverpool—a victory for the Stevedores and a set-back for Mr. Deakin.

On Wednesday, the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party approved a resolution (*a*) approving of the withdrawal of the Whip from Mr. Bevan; (*b*) "noting" his assurances; (*c*) calling on the Party to unite for the election.

On monday, the Commons approved, by 202 votes to 172, an Order transferring the Ministry of Food's functions to the Ministry of Agriculture. The case for this amalgamation is that imports and home-production (at guaranteed or subsidised prices) of food are factors in a single equation, whose solution should be the business of a single Ministry. The Opposition, however, rightly emphasised that there would now be no Minister directly concerned with consumers' interests. The farmers' lobby is powerful; it would be sanguine to expect a Ministry of Agriculture—at least under a Tory Government—to give priority to the consumer's need for cheap and plentiful supplies.

Pressed on Tuesday to recognise the gravity of the Lancashire cotton situation, with extended "holidays" expected over Easter, the Prime Minister promised a statement of policy before the recess. There were "substantial and far-reaching issues of policy involved"—a reference presumably to difficulties in imposing tariff protection against India.

PARIS

The End of an Epoch

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The long, dramatic battle against German rearmament ended not with a bang but a whimper. Even before the debate started, ratification by the Senate was assured. Since the formation of the Faure Government, the opposition of the hard-core Gaullists had collapsed like a pack of cards. Gaston Palewski surrendered with nauseating alacrity when he was given a seat in the Cabinet (with the promise of the Defence Ministry when General Koenig is made Ambassador to Moscow). Michel Debré, leader of the Gaullist opposition in the Senate, was won over by the promise of a Ministry in the next reshuffle. A dozen other Senators were won over by hints of useful electoral alliances in June. To make the capitulation of the Senate look more convincing, M. Faure produced a number of conjuring tricks: the publication of the Churchill "open chair" letter, the stage-managing of a "successful" economic conference on the Saar, and a solemn "statement of foreign policy".

These arguments may have won over a few Senators, but one had a distinct impression that most of the "convincing" was done behind the scenes. The debate itself took place in an atmosphere of yawning lassitude: forty hours of speeches, fifty-five elderly orators repeating, with varying accuracy, arguments heard countless times before. Perhaps the most interesting moment was the curious spectacle of Antoine Pinay, who abstained from voting during the Assembly debate ("for purely personal reasons"), urging the Senators to ratify "to avoid a national disaster"; the impression he made was not improved by the obvious fact that he had only a vague knowledge of the texts themselves (in private life M. Pinay is a small-town tanner), and kept referring to them as "the Franco-German accords." Outside the Palais de Luxembourg, only a handful of demonstrators waited in the rain to watch the end of an epoch. And, in the country as a whole, the news of the vote was greeted with apathy and resignation.

With German rearmament disposed of, the Assembly is living in a sort of ideological vacuum; still, it will, no doubt, soon find another issue on which to become bitterly divided. The logical sequel to ratification, as *Le Monde* pointed out on Monday, is for the Assembly to concentrate on fundamental economic reforms, which will take much of the sting out of German rearmament. But there is small chance that this advice will be followed.

BONN

The von Bonin Case

A Correspondent in Bonn writes: West Germany has no army yet, but it already has a military-political "affair," the Bonin case. Colonel Bronislav von Bonin, a thoroughbred Junker officer, was the boy prodigy of the late Wehrmacht. He became Chief of Operations on the German General Staff in 1944, at the age of 37. In 1952 he was appointed Chief of the Planning Department (the new embryo General Staff) in the Blank Office, the unofficial Bonn War Ministry. Last week he was dismissed for publicly propagating military ideas with which the Office did not agree. Early this week the Hamburg news magazine, *Der Spiegel*, published the original Bonin memorandum which had caused the row.

It is a remarkable document—from a soldier. It starts as stating bluntly that "in the present German home political situation the central conditions for creating a high-quality Army on a conscription basis are lacking." Such an army would be riddled with "unwilling elements," and would break down under the first test. "The example of the French Army in 1940 is a clear warning." Moreover, the hasty improvisation of a new conscript army would be politically provocative and militarily unrealistic. Politically it would be "regarded by the presumptive enemy as preparation for immediate war." Militarily the Reichswehr, though created under very favourable conditions, took over four years to become a real army; and five years were needed for the conscript Wehrmacht, on this basis, to reach its 1939 level. "The present plan to create a conscript army of 350,000 out of nothing within 3 to 3½ years is, in my opinion, unrealistic. Four years for the creation of the professional basis, another 3 to 4 years to achieve such aim, would be about the time really needed."

Finally, the problem of West German security cannot, according to von Bonin, be solved within the framework of existing Nato plans, or with the planned German contribution of mobile forces to Western Defence. (Incidentally, the Bonin memorandum reveals that this contribution envisages, besides the "nucleus" of 12 armoured or mechanised divisions, a "great number" of independent similar units, such as artillery, anti-tank, anti-aircraft, pioneer battalions, etc.) "An effective defence of the frontier with such a force is possible only in a few selected sectors. The attacker would penetrate the country on a broad front, and in great depth before he could be checked or thrown back by counter-attack. All West Germany between the Zonal frontier and the Rhine would inevitably become a theatre of war. The consequences, in an age of atomic warfare, need no description."

The positive ideas of von Bonin are to forgo conscription; create a professional army of 150,000; organise it as a defensive frontier group; reinforce it, in time, by a militia trained entirely for local home defence; and make it strategically independent from the rest of the Nato forces. What permeates the whole memorandum is a strong sense of the inherent contradiction of Nato strategy with West Germany's military interests. The former needs West German territory as the manœuvring space of an elastic defence. The latter are clearly to avoid becoming the battlefield of modern atomic land warfare.

"Am I to ask my son to defend his Fatherland on the Rhine?" von Bonin is quoted as saying. He appears not only to have inspired newspaper articles, but to have circulated his ideas among the former Generals and Field Marshals, and even sought (and found) support in other Government Departments. On formal grounds, he has certainly given his superiors good and sufficient reason for his dismissal. But his views have been echoed in the most varied political and military circles. They are bound to play an increasing part now that the Paris Treaties are ratified and their realisation has to be faced.

WESTMINSTER

The Horrors

One of the main preoccupations of backstage Westminster is a deep and detailed study of the press. This week Members from Bermondsey and the middle reaches of the Thames have been seen queueing for the Bradford *Telegraph and Argus* and reading with interest the debates of the Belfast City Council. Political discussion has been ill-informed because the provincial journals do not carry the word-for-word reports of the secret meetings of the National Executive and its sub-committees to which we have become accustomed. Recourse to the Chamber itself has only tantalised, for the Committee Stage of the Horror Comics Bill turned, not unnaturally, against the sexy press. Members deprived of their Sunday newspapers were therefore given the shadow of salacity instead of the pap of pornography. Not that this was really anything to do, legally, with those horror comics which corrupt the young. Daily and Sunday newspaper proprietors remain outside the scope of the Bill despite the valiant efforts of Roy Jenkins.

A measure of this nature, which proposes an extension of censorship, was bound to be buffeted in conflicting eddies. There were those, like Horace King and Chuter Ede, who earnestly wanted to squash this beastly traffic without providing a weapon which could be used in a wider and more pernicious censorship. There was Michael Foot, who did not believe that legislation could effectively deal with the problem. There was Roy Jenkins, whose motives seemed confused between a desire to improve this particular Bill and a desire to set the stage for his own much more comprehensive Private Bill which deals with the whole matter of published obscenity. The lawyers chopped definitions with the aid of Latin tags and the Oxford Concise Dictionary. And Leslie Hale, whilst welcoming the Bill as small evidence that the Government was at least prepared to do something about something, implied that time would have been more usefully spent in dealing with the H-bomb. He offered to the House an epitaph for a victim of radio-activity—

> Crippled, deformed, misshapen, he
> Dropped septic from a radio-active womb,
> Survived a while, then perished miserably
> In London's thermo-nuclear hecatomb.
> Yet need we not deplore too readily
> The sadness of his final fate atomic,
> From one contamination he lived free—
> Parliament saved him from the Horror Comic.

Wilfred Fienburgh

Admiral Radford's Private War

LAST Saturday, the New York newspapers reported that the U.S. Government expects a Communist assault on Matsu and Quemoy soon after the middle of April. To these statements, which were undoubtedly based on a briefing from the Pentagon or State Department, must be added the President's mid-week luncheon meetings with the leaders of both parties in Congress, at which they were asked if they were ready for the Administration to run all risks in defending these islands. Since the evacuation of the Tachens, and since Mr. Dulles returned from Taipen to insist that the morale of the Formosa garrison would collapse if the U.S. did not make a stand for Quemoy and Matsu, the mood of the Administration has hardened. Now, a new and more serious crisis may be developing, in which a miscalculation by the U.S. could quickly lead to world war.

It is not, of course, Formosa itself that is now threatened. The *New York Times*, indeed, concedes that even if the off-shore islands were abandoned, "Formosa could not be taken by the Reds for a couple of years." If this is true, then an attack on Quemoy or Matsu scarcely justifies full U.S. intervention; in his emergency message at the end of January, President Eisenhower committed himself to fight for the off-shore islands only if Formosa were imperilled.

Why does the President pay so much attention to Admiral Radford, who—the *Herald-Tribune* reports—is insistent that "the United States should down Communist China once and for all"? Apart from the faltering morale of Chiang's regime, and apart, too, from the Administration's fear that a refusal to fight for Quemoy would be denounced in the U.S. as the "final betrayal" of Chiang, the President's motive seems to be explained by a "background story" that the State Department gave to the Associated Press at the beginning of March. In three or four years, the story suggested, the Soviet Union will be strong enough to practise "diplomacy by ultimatum." Better then for the U.S. to seek a showdown soon—"at the next step of U.S. and allied policy now in prospect . . . that of the Chinese coastal islands."

Perhaps U.S. intelligence reports do indicate that a Communist attack is imminent. But the crux of the matter is how Washington reacts to it. In January, the President was obviously sensitive to British advice. Is he still so? Or has Admiral Radford (as responsible U.S. journalists have stated) convinced him that, if fighting starts for Quemoy, U.S. forces must intervene and must not be limited to local support: that they must be ready to strike back and destroy China's industrial centres and communications: and that for this they must be permitted to use nuclear weapons? It is significant that both the President and Mr. Dulles have recently made public statements in which they claimed that tactical atomic bombs are now "precision" weapons, which would normally be used in any military operations.

Do the Chiefs of Staff now believe that the U.S. could launch such a campaign of nuclear interdiction without precipitating a world war? Apparently they do. All the inspired newspaper comments in the last few days suggest that the Pentagon is gambling on its belief that Moscow would be frightened into impotence, that it so fears the Strategic Air Command that it would allow its Chinese ally to be pounded and blasted without making any attempt to reply. If the U.S. Government really accepted that assumption, it would be following the logic of lunacy.

Perhaps Washington is prepared to go-it-alone; perhaps Admiral Radford has convinced himself that, once the fighting starts, America's allies will be drawn in willy-nilly; perhaps the Administration does not care whether a repetition of Hiroshima both condemns it for ever in the eyes of Asians and convinces millions in Europe that the Communists have been right in denouncing the "atom-maniacs" of the Pentagon. But, on the other hand, the *New York Times* has reacted strongly against this new demand for an "offensive posture" by the preventive-war faction, and it argued this week that it is better to abandon the coastal islands than to make them a pretext for an all-out attack on China. A similar mood has seized influential Democrats. Though they have welcomed the moderating statements by the President—notably at his press conference last Wednesday—and the National Security Council deploring "alarmism" about Quemoy and Matsu, they genuinely fear the strength of the "war party" led by Radford and Knowland. They realise that if this bellicose cabal has its way, the U.S. will not merely put itself in the wrong; it will have succeeded in dragging itself, and perhaps its European allies, into a position where retreat and negotiation become equally impossible.

Reflections on Party Loyalty

COMMENTING last Saturday on the Bevan crisis, Sir Winston Churchill defined the loyalties of an M.P. as follows:

> The first duty of an M.P. is to do what in his faithful and disinterested judgment he believes right and necessary for the honour and safety of our beloved country.
>
> The second duty is to his constituents, of whom he is the representative but not the delegate.
>
> It is only in the third place that a man's duty to the party organisation or programme takes rank.
>
> All these three loyalties should be observed, but there is no doubt of the order in which they stand in any healthy manifestation of democracy.

Since it is probable that many people will accept this appraisement of political loyalties at its face value, it is important to point out that it bears no relation to the realities of modern party politics. Sir Winston may hanker for the Parliament of Burke, but what he had to face in the 1930's, and what Mr. Bevan faces in the 1950's, is a Parliament dominated by two intolerant party machines, which demand and nearly always extort the primary loyalty of the Member of Parliament.

The effort to drive Mr. Bevan out of politics because he represents a danger to the party oligarchy is nothing new in British politics. It violates not the letter but only the spirit of the modern party system. A hundred years ago, when we still had strong parliamentary government and weak parties, Sir Winston's order of loyalties was valid. But parliamentary government was disappearing even before the modern Labour Party emerged after 1918. Since then it has been replaced by cabinet government, which is a polite name for alternating party oligarchy.

We hear a great deal about the managerial revolution in industry and the new despotism in Whitehall. How many people realise that a similar concentration of power into even fewer hands is taking place in Parliament and in the party machines, and has already had the following effects?

(1) *The elimination of the individual Member's freedom of action except on minor issues.*

Without giving his first loyalty to the party machine, no one can now be elected to Parliament and, if he defies that machine, he risks political death. In the Labour Party this is taken a step further. Here, no candidate is endorsed unless he signs a document pledging himself to obey the Standing Orders of the Parliamentary Labour Party. This, of course, involves him in giving his first loyalties, not to the country and to his constituents, as Sir Winston desires, but to the will of the majority of the Parliamentary Labour Party, whatever that may be.

(2) *The removal of the forum where decisions are taken from the floor of the House of Commons to the secret party caucus.*

As a result of the enforcement of party discipline, the debates and divisions which take place in public on the floor of the House are becoming mere formalities. The same thing has already happened to a great extent on the London County Council. The votes and the discussions which really matter take place "upstairs," and every effort is made to prevent the electors from knowing what their representatives have said or done on these occasions. Once these secret decisions—which may offend his conscience and violate his political principles—have been taken, the Member of Parliament is bound by party loyalty to toe the line or "take the consequences."

These consequences vary in the two parties, just as the methods differ by which the leaders discipline the individual rebel and smash the awkward minority. The Conservatives have a comparatively easy time because their party is still openly oligarchic and based on the principle that all policy is made by the Leader. In practice this means that the Leader (whether as Prime Minister or as Leader of the Opposition) takes his decisions after discussions with a small, arbitrarily selected group of advisers. After that, his followers in and out of Parliament have a right of protest but no more. So the leadership, because it cannot be constitutionally challenged by any vote in the 1922 Committee or the Annual Conference, has no need of Standing Orders or expulsions. Yet the unobtrusive sanctions which the Conservative oligarchy under Chamberlain

NEXT WEEK

An Asian Diary

by CRITIC

Reassessment

Adam Curle on "Brave New World"

and Margesson employed against Sir Winston and his small group of anti-appeasers were very effective. We only have to recall that the Chamberlainites retained their complete monopoly of power right up to the outbreak of war (and very nearly succeeded in keeping Sir Winston out of the Premiership in 1940) to realise how successfully they abused the patient loyalty of their followers.

Since the Labour Party has an elaborate, democratic constitution, the party leaders have to go about their work in a very different way. As Mr. McKenzie has shown in great detail in his recent book, *British Political Parties*, they reach much the same end result as their Conservative counterparts. But they do so mainly by a systematic abuse of majority rule. At Westminster this takes the following forms:

(*a*) Electing the shadow cabinet by a unique form of ballot, which ingeniously denies the Left-wing minority adequate representation.

(*b*) Making the vote of the Parliamentary Party on any important issue a vote of confidence. Labour M.P.s, for instance, were expressly told that, if they voted for Mr. Fred Lee's recent motion to censure Mr. Bevan without expelling him, this would be a vote of no confidence in Mr. Attlee.

(*c*) Using the powerful machinery of the Whips' office to muster support for the line of the shadow cabinet, yet forbidding those who want the Party to modify that line any form of group activity or organisation.

(*d*) Exploiting to the full the trade union sentiment that it is in all circumstances disloyal for the minority to oppose a majority decision once it has been taken.

It is an ironical fact that, whereas the Labour Party recognises that a Socialist majority in the Commons must accord full minority rights to a Conservative Opposition, however small, it accords no such rights to any minority within its own ranks, however large. Indeed, the system of "democracy" enforced by the Parliamentary Labour Party's Standing Orders is little less ruthless than the Democratic Centralism of Leninist theory.

Outside Parliament, in the National Executive Committee and on Council groups, minorities are treated with just as little respect. The National Executive Committee, for instance, imposes complete collective responsibility on its members and demands that, once the minority has been voted down on any issue, it must acquiesce or get out. If the National Executive were a homogeneous body, elected by a single electorate, this might be quite defensible. But in fact it is a federal body (12 trade unionists, 5 women, and 7 members representing the constituency parties). What is more, the 12 trade unionists and the 5 women are all elected by a system which gives a handful of trade union leaders a veto on any nomination. Under these conditions, decisions are influenced by those outside the Executive who wield the block vote of the big unions; and, when this happens, majority rule can become a cover for industrial dictatorship.

I am convinced that this kind of manipulation of majority rule—whether in the Parliamentary Party, or in a Council group, or in the National Executive Committee or in the Annual Conference—is one of the most important causes of the internecine conflict which has rent the Labour Party for the last three years. What has driven the active workers in the trade unions and constituency parties to rise in revolt is the suspicion that loyalty to majority decisions is being abused in order to concentrate power in a few hands and change party democracy into party oligarchy.

It is high time that we Socialists began to re-examine the whole question of discipline and loyalty, both in central and local government and inside the Labour Party. If democracy is interpreted as the iron rule of genuine—or, even worse, of artificially contrived—majorities, then democracy becomes an arbitrary and tyrannical form of government. And this applies not merely to the running of a nation but to the running of a party as well. The essential spirit of British liberty, which has kept our representative institutions alive, has not been that minorities must always surrender abjectly to majority commands, but that those who hold effective power should (1) be careful not to exploit the loyalty of their followers and (2) should scrupulously respect the rights of an awkward minority—even if it should look like becoming the majority unless it is smashed in time.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

ABLE to fall back on those two stately and incorruptible oracles, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Yorkshire Post*, to fortify the news service of the B.B.C., I have, on the whole, enjoyed a few days without the London newspapers, and have not felt unduly cut off from the news. There are, of course, a few things one misses, some ritual, some real. I missed the seasonal columns of sonorous—and rigidly stylised—prose which the superior Sundays and Dailies customarily devote to the Boat Race. And what bad luck that the *Manchester Guardian* rowing correspondent, with such unaccustomed responsibility resting on him, should have failed to see the race! Epic deeds—for it was surely one of the most merciless athletic struggles in history—but no Homer to hymn them. I have missed, too, my Sunday session with the two formidable ladies who help William Whitebait to guide my film-going. And I have missed, more seriously, the real public service which the daily Lobby Correspondents have been performing, however indiscreetly, in telling us, naughtily but so revealingly, the details of what has been going on inside the Labour Party. It's worth recalling, incidentally, that without these leaks, public opinion would have been utterly unable to judge the rights and wrongs of matters which, whether the Labour Party likes it or not, are of the greatest public importance. But, on the whole, it has been a good week, and, for a few days at any rate, I am content to observe that London is on balance a quieter (and a cleaner) city, while Fleet Street stands inactive.

"Now there's no knowing WHAT *that Bevan feller's been up to . . ."*

Settled reading habits are, of course, forcibly changed without newspapers—and in a great many cases for the better, as a glance at the titles of the books being read in the Underground this week has confirmed. My own spare time last Sunday was taken up—almost uniquely I'll bet—with a richly satisfying chore—*The Times Lit. Sup.* special issue of "Personal Preferences," which I missed owing to holidays when it was published last August and have never got around to since. A special, personal and timely pleasure in this was reading for the first time Erik de Mauny's article on The Art of V. S. Pritchett. Immediately following this Diary, Pritchett contributes this week the first of what we hope will be a long series of pieces—two or so a month—under the general title *Looking at Life*. NEW STATESMAN readers who as yet know Pritchett only as a critic will, I think, be delighted by what de Mauny calls "his festive and unerring eye for the extravagances of human behaviour and the beguiling aberrations of the private fantasy."

* * *

Anybody who believes that the ballot which last weekend rejected Mrs. Braddock as candidate for the Exchange Division of Liverpool was a straight clash between Bevanites and the rest must know very little either about Mrs. Braddock or about the mêlée of Liverpool politics. In fact, the row in this particular party has been boiling up ever since Mrs. Braddock (who used to boast of being a founder-member of the British Communist Party) ceased to fly the hammer and sickle on her car at elections and became as embarrassingly repentant of her past as Whittaker Chambers. This political somersault caused a considerable splash in the pool of Liverpool politics, and the commotion increased when Mrs. Braddock loudly announced—as she now likes to do on every occasion—that Aneurin Bevan and his friends are playing the Communist game. Some months ago, the Exchange Labour Party sought permission from Transport House to consider a new candidate. This permission was refused—partly due to a feeling that the party, which happens to include within its territory the offices of Littlewood's, had become too closely associated with football pool interests. Transport House recommended sweeping changes, which included a new secretary, and these recommendations were duly carried out. Now, however, comes another effort, this time from the "changed" party, to get rid of Mrs. Braddock. As a result of redistribution, which adds one ward to the Division, the party is now entitled either to re-adopt its sitting Member as a candidate for the forthcoming election, or to hold a selection conference. Last weekend's decision was (by 40 votes to 39) to approve the latter course. Mrs. Braddock is unlikely to take this lying down. I expect a lot more Liverpudlian mud will be flung before the official candidate for the Exchange Division is endorsed.

* * *

For the last couple of weeks, I have been watching with admiration a small local journal fighting an unusual battle about a local scandal. The Hampstead Arts Ball—a well-established annual affair—has in recent years attracted a certain amount of unflattering gossip among local residents, some of whom believe that "undesirable characters" have tended to flock to it from other parts of London. Despite the efforts of the organisers, this year's Ball, held three weeks ago, did attract "undesirable characters" and (though the quality of the décor and costumes was high) ended in circumstances which could reasonably be described as squalid and confused. That might have been that—but for the *Hampstead and Highgate Express*, whose

reporter, legitimately shocked by what he saw, turned in an outspoken and notably well-written report which bluntly described the confusion, the behaviour of a number of all-male couples, and the critical reaction of some of the respectable citizens present. This report was accompanied by a leading article of a pungency and frankness rare in local journalism: it pointed out candidly that the occasion had been disgraced by the extravagant and ostentatious conduct of a number of homosexuals—many of them from outside the district—and sternly criticised the arrangements which had permitted this. In last week's issue of the *Express*, the Chairman of the Hampstead Artists' Council complained of the interpretation the paper had put on the facts reported (many of the most important of which were, however, not denied): the *Express's* treatment of the Ball, it was claimed, should be investigated by the Press Council. In a footnote to this letter, both the reporter and the editor refused to retract one word; and the editor publicly challenged the Ball organisers to take the matter to the Press Council if they wished. My purpose in giving added publicity to a sordid story is not to pillory the Hampstead Artists' Council, which I am sure deplores the undesirable features of the Ball; certainly not to make life more difficult for those inverts who observe the normal decencies; but to commend the journalistic integrity of a local paper which is prepared to shock and antagonise an influential section of its readers in an effort to right what it believes to be wrong. Any newspaper which lives up to that standard is a credit to journalism, however modest its circulation.

* * *

"Vote Liberal," says an L.C.C. election poster outside this office, "for penny fares on London trams and buses"—to attend Queen Anne's funeral, no doubt. There have been no trams in London since July, 1952, and the L.C.C. has no control whatever over London Transport fares.

* * *

The Prison Commissioners are always experimenting in the field of re-education for citizenship—the one function of imprisonment that is designed to pay dividends to the rest of the community. They are nearly always successful and seldom get any credit. I hear that they recently sent nineteen long-sentence men from Wakefield Prison for a five-day course at the Grantley Hall college for adult education, near Ripon. They must be gratified at the way this experiment worked out. The men were all on their last nine months, two of them were reprieved murderers, all of them had committed grave crimes. They were taken under escort to the college, and then given complete freedom to walk about the grounds between lectures, play darts in the local pubs, and take full part in the social life of the college. No one knew who they were—until the facts got out by accident and seemed to make no appreciable difference to anyone. They heard lectures and took part in discussions on industrial relations, wages, housing and social conditions, television and radio—and the rights of the individual. I suppose they were left to supply their own background stories to the curious; but, in such circumstances, unless men choose to declare themselves, their identity need not normally be known. It seems to me a worth-while attempt to allay "gate-fever" in men nearing discharge and to send them out to civilian life with some hope of rehabilitation.

* * *

The 1955 flowering of London's crocuses has burst upon us in splashes of pyrotechnic colour. In the last week I have found those well-known—but each year surprising—clumps of purple, gold and white all over London, from Hampstead to the Crystal Palace, from Kentish Town to Kew. Lincoln's Inn Fields has had an exceptionally brave display. But the best I have seen have been in the Embankment Gardens—the village green of Charing Cross. Critic's home ground? Indeed; and to record its splendour last week-end is a pleasant way of welcoming Critic home from two months of distant travel. The many readers who have missed him in these columns since our issue of February 5 will be pleased to know that he will return to his Diary next week. And so, for now, farewell.

FLAVUS

National Vacuum

No penny-ha'penny press!
No headlines—no sensations—
No Labour Crisis!
No Debs—no dress—
No Stock Exchange quotations—
No closing prices.
No scandals—no divorces—
No holiday suggestions—
No Courts—no sports—
No crimes!
No thefts of gems or mink—
No Answers to your Questions—
No knowing what to think—
No *Times*!
(No *Guardian* to be had
For love or money)
No daily parliamentary reports—
No news behind the news—
No revelations from reliable sources
In Bonn—Brazil—Baghdad—
No massive leaders—
No pre-election views—
No forecasts dark or sunny—
No invalids and no obituaries!
No Noon—no Late editions—
No Royal Family—no diplomats—
No points from readers —
No pools—no competitions—
No bangs from Yucca Flats—
No small ads.
No fashion shows from Paris—
No Easter hats—
No racing-form—no tips—
No Beauty Queens being crowned—
No film stars—dogs—or cats—
No missing undergrads—
No comic strips!
No reading matter for the Underground!
No wrapping-paper for the fish-and-chips!

SAGITTARIUS

This England

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

If the Left makes the lot of a shareholder out to be such a happy one—then the worker has the answer to that. Let him become a shareholder.—*Daily Express*. (B. Selton.)

The night porter at the Albany Hotel, Sheffield, told the magistrates at Harrow yesterday that a man with a pistol took all the money out of the till in the reception office, then ordered him to "mash some tea." He added: "I drank a cup because I was feeling faint. He drank a cup as well."—*Manchester Guardian*. (H. J. Brown.)

A Coroner said yesterday that the rules of the chase were not observed during a fox hunt in which a man was shot and killed.—*News Chronicle*. (Joyce Johnson.)

As the Council felt there was no reason why a public lavatory should not look pleasant the adjoining land was laid out as a garden for an additional £750. The garden also commemorates the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.—*Municipal Review, April*, 1955. (N. Newman.)

Looking at Life

THE SQUARE REVISITED

WHAT to do in London on a Sunday? Go to meetings. Argue. These are Puritan pleasures. London is and always has been the arguer's continuous World Fair. Of course, there would be no arguers if there were no believers, and the amount of random belief spinning up in choking, gritty little dust storms in squares and parks, blowing hither and thither as the winds of doctrine do, is inexhaustible in this city. Spots like Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square are simply fairgrounds; the orators are shouting "Walk up! Walk up!" And the red buses and cars circle in non-stop, rumbling merry-go-round, and make nonsense of the indignant voice.

This Puritan pleasure is vulgar in the true sense: it is common to all. It depends on the vulgar notion of freedom, on the rather distinguished notion of the right to personal madness. It depends on the profound idea that there is something solid and indispensable about a multiplicity of sects. It depends on a native mixture of rudeness and parliamentary cliché. "My friends!" cry the Hyde Park speakers. Six men from the crowd shout back "You said that before." Or some soldier asks "Where was you born?" This emboldens another soldier: "Where was Moses born?" he adds. Answer him that! "Believe, believe!" the speakers shout. What shall we believe? That there are millions of gallons of water mysteriously floating in the air, that Christ was born of a virgin, that Ireland must be united, that West Africans can't get rooms in the West End, that there is a God—or no God—that a woman in trousers is not a woman, that Russia does or does not want war because its arms industry is not in private hands, that you can't go to Heaven in an old Ford car, that the Pyramids hold the secret of life.

As we hesitate to put our money on, a tempestuous little voice shouts out "No." There is a disturbance at the back of the crowd and an elderly man with his coat open and his hat on the back of his head elbows his way in saying: "What's all this about? What's all this? Come to my office, number ten Downing Street. See my friend Winston Churchill." And then, grinds his teeth, gives a strange shout of "Gr-gr-gr" like a turkey grating a wing on the ground and suddenly stamps out in five or six frightening steps with all the vanity of a well-known pest. "Well now," cries the speaker, "if you've finished. . . ." "Get on with it," cry the crowd. "Well," says the speaker, now raising his voice to the high, dead, steel-drill preaching voice. "The logic of history proves. . . ."

At that moment he sees her. That prim, fey, police-teasing little pale woman in the red blouse and with the wild modest eyes has just fluttered into the front of his audience and has fixed her disingenuous gaze on him. "Oh Gawd," says the speaker, putting his hand to his forehead and appealing for that universal sympathy which the sight of a woman so often awakens in men. "Oh Gawd," he says. "Here comes Trouble. If she opens her mouth I'm going to pack up. She thinks I want to marry her." Trouble smirks with delight and says something in a tiny voice. What she says is heard only by about six people in front; whatever it is, it has been a killer, creating laughter and then a silence in which the educated voice of a coloured man at the next-door meeting—a voice liquid and precise—says "If I become Minister of Commerce in the Gold Coast. . . ."

He is going to do something unkind and that,

by the way, always gets a London audience. They are silently, seriously enjoying the subtlest of moral pleasures: forgiving people they have done wrong to. So the Fair goes on. The evening fog walks up, step by step, and stands waiting between the trees.

Trafalgar Square is another matter. It is as serious as asphalt. Popular orators electrify their packed audiences here with the sentence that they are standing in the most important square mile in the world. Someone said that the other Sunday when we all went there to demand the banning of the hydrogen bomb. Certainly this is the place for important causes only. The police turn out in force to give the show the respectability that only a London policeman can hand out. At Hyde Park, the charms of Babel; in Trafalgar Square, the Voice of the People: and it is the right place. For it is dedicated to the British things; to an emotional and heroic Admiral who interfered recklessly in the affairs of a foreign nation, and to the important London passion for overfeeding very dirty birds. The place is within shouting reach of Parliament and the Government—which the speakers, being open-air men, are contemptuous of—for, as is well known, it is only governments that want the hydrogen bomb, not the People. The plinth is wide, the lions are comfortable to sit on and, when amplifiers are wired to their noses, they appear to wear pince-nez and have a detached and professorial look. The pigeons are clearly on the side of the People. No soldier or statesman is safe from these satirical birds, to whom Nature has given an unanswerable means of black and white caricature.

The Square is a good family place, too; perambulators can be walked up and down in the sun while someone announces that pretty soon the whole of London may be a mere crater, miles long and 200 feet deep. Children can get wet in the fountains. Peanuts are everywhere; and, when thoughts wander, there are the pigeons swooping round to new dungheaps on the National Gallery and St. Martin's, or the advertisements of steamship companies suggesting that if things are as black as the speakers say, one can always emigrate. It is important for Trafalgar Square to be the place of solid rebellion, passion, protest and disturbance. It is important to feel that half the police in London would be needed to keep *us* in order when our virtue has got the better of us. Anything short of that lets the Square down.

That is what happened on Hydrogen Sunday. It ought to have been a good Sunday for the Square, but for some puzzling reason it was not. Why did we rush, years ago, to the Popular Front, Aid to Spain, anti-Fascism and so on? Why does a meeting about total destruction leave us flat? The Square is not a place, like Hyde Park, for the old cries, sights and well-known cranks of London life, and yet this is what, on that Sunday, it had become. Perhaps this was because the Party has lost its punch. It is covered with the virginia creeper of politics, and its all-party meetings which are not all-party meetings, have an old-fashioned look. We have become cynical about protest. Hornsey's banner is propped against the balustrade, Stepney's is against the plinth. The banner with the word Peace on it makes us avert our eyes. It is a Newspeak word now, and when Peace is draped across the base of Nelson's Column she seems to sag there, a lady blowsy with years of promiscuous tippling at the bar of propaganda. She has become an old character.

The nice thing about the Party mass meetings now is that they appear to be local, comfortable family affairs. The young people are from Sunday school; the older are "bodies" and "old dears" and they are all on their best behaviour. Two old men, survivors of the fighting days of the Party, one of them deaf, keep up the fires of life-long indignation. One has just seen four American soldiers: the devil himself. "We know," he hisses into the other's ear, "what they're here for." "What?" "The call girls!" "The school girls?" says the deaf one. "No—call girls. You know what call girls are?" "Oh ah," says the deaf man. "Yes, they come down to Trafalgar Square waving the almighty dollar in their faces." "For the school girls?" says the deaf man looking around. The crowd thickens around them, the amplifiers are testing, the speakers file in—an ageing collection—well wrapped up against the cold wind. Presently one of the lions begins to bark and choke. What he is trying to recite is those well-known lines from *Locksley Hall*. They take one back.

As I have said, we were the People and we wanted to ban the hydrogen bomb. The Quaker, though he suffered from the old Quaker weakness of talking about himself and his family illnesses half the time, did not want the bomb; nor did the lady from Surrey, the alderman from Coventry, and the docker. They were preaching to the converted. They were preaching about a horror and an immorality which we were convinced of, but could not imagine. We are getting sick of being asked whether we want mothers and babies to be massacred. To hear a docker say he wished to continue procreation was, on the sob level, a refreshing novelty. From certain strong points, the claques gave out their automatic applause, and later, magically produced five pound notes at the collection, but most of us were silent and kept our hands in our pockets. The fact is that only Harry Pollitt, who always puts his cards on the table—it is not his fault if he is issued with a new pack and even a new game every now and then—only Harry Pollitt put a hard, strong case. It is well-known. It has not much to do with the hydrogen bomb, and is an old record which one could chant back. One had the sad impression that the Party, once an initiator, was fishing among other peoples' causes in order to keep itself alive.

The pigeons flew back from the Admiralty Arch, circled round the pillar; hundreds of eyes looked up to watch them in that curious human need to know where a bird is going to. It occurred to me presently that the arguments had been put in a way which had made me feel a coward. They had been made to make my flesh creep. They had been made to make me soft and soppy. I began to wonder if the crowd really, in their hearts, did mind sudden extinction or even handing on a heritage of monstrous disease; whether they wondered if a civilisation which could pursue the research and provide the eager technicians who make the bomb, and which could feel a certain pride at least in *knowing* how to extinguish all life on earth if it wanted to, was worth anything. We took for granted the patriotic appeal: London must be saved, for we naturally wanted to preserve it as we wanted to save our own skins.

Whatever the reasons for the flatness of this meeting—its doubtful auspices, its lack of an enemy, our inability to imagine—there was a lack of generosity in it. Why did all the speakers rely on scaring us, when they might have tried to awaken an aggressive indignation on behalf of others? Why did they not tell us that we wanted no bombs to fall on the mass of Chinese, Russians or Americans; or, more cogently, I'm afraid, on the swarming masses of the backward races. Why were we not told to stop the bomb falling on someone else? The speakers implied that, I have no doubt; but they appealed emotionally to the victim in us, not to the active man. And when Hornsey and Stepney picked up their banners again and the pigeons returned to the Square, we had the bewildered feeling that we had indeed been the voice of the People but that (in a way which the last twenty years have taught us to understand very well) the Voice was being manipulated. We began to give the old-fashioned thing an old-fashioned look. We had the feeling that the Cause was turning into a regular London sideshow and that its place was farther north under the trees. A lamentable conclusion for a deadly subject.

V. S. Pritchett

A Scientist in China

II. Universities and Colleges

The transformation of the semi-feudal, semi-colonial economy of China into a modern industrial one in less than a generation calls for entirely new groups or cadres of trained workers with various functions; skilled workers, technologists, industrial research workers, academic scientists and, above all, teachers. They are needed for the 60,000,000 elementary school children whose enrolment marks the end of illiteracy in China; and for the 3,000,000 in secondary schools.

I was primarily concerned with higher education and research, though I saw something of the intermediate level of technical schools which train already some 700,000 young workers aged from sixteen to eighteen, and of adult technical schools that prepare workers who have shown initiative and inventiveness for an engineering career. I found one of these schools installed in the temple of Confucius in Peking, with the worker students wandering among the age-old pine trees, or sitting to study under the tablets of successful candidates in the Imperial examinations.

The universities and specialised technological colleges for the 260,000 students between eighteen and twenty-two require far more space than antiquity can provide. Every educational building, missionary and secular college has been turned to use and other buildings have been commandeered. The vast palace which the Japanese built for their Emperor of Manchukuo is now a geology college with an annual enrolment of nearly 1,000 students. Already, however, most of these colleges are installed in new buildings. The new university city of North Peking houses more than 80,000 students. These are divided into self-contained collegiate units with at present some 3,000 to 5,000 students each, and are due to grow to their full size of about 10,000 each by 1957. After this, further growth will be by means of founding new colleges.

Each college is on the American plan with its campus and dormitory blocks. Difficulties of transport in China make it imperative that all should be fully residential. With a teaching staff of a tenth of student numbers and a liberal allowance of technicians, gardeners, cooks and other staff, each college is already a little city on its own with 7,000 rising to 15,000 inhabitants. One significant addition to every college is a secondary school with 500 to 1,000 pupils,

nearly all of working-class origin, who are given there a two-year course preparatory to matriculation. This is aimed at overcoming the present shortage of secondary-educated entrants to the universities. University entrants in the past were effectively limited to the old intellectual (mandarin) and the merchant classes, and even now, despite the changes, the composition of most universities is largely of the old pattern. In Canton, for instance, there are among the student body 11 per cent. of worker, 14 per cent. peasant, 22 per cent. landlord (intellectual) and 18 per cent. merchant origin. Year by year, however, the proportion of workers and peasants increases, and already in the industrial North East, where the expulsion of the Japanese was accompanied by a far greater social revolution than in the rest of the country, worker participation in the university has risen to 70 per cent. The proportion of women is also a rising one but is still in the region of a third, though in some faculties, notably chemistry, it is more than half. The first crop of technical graduates is already at work. I found a young woman in charge of the water gas furnaces of a synthetic ammonia plant, another was directing field work in microbiology.

The teaching in these institutions is thorough, as I was able to verify by going round the classes and laboratories and having scientific discussions with students and teachers. It is essentially an adaptation of the Soviet system, with a four- instead of a five-year course and six months instead of a year for research. Another Soviet feature is the teaching of the old faculties of arts and sciences in the universities proper and the creation of administratively separate colleges for medicine, agriculture, law and economics. Technology is taught both in polytechnics of the Technische Hochschule standard, such as the reconstituted Chin Hua University of Peking, and in special schools of university standing. In Peking, for instance, there are universities of aeronautics, agricultural engineering, geology, mining, petroleum and metallurgy, all in new buildings and halls of residence. The object here is frankly to turn out specialists with sufficient backing in general science and technology to be able not only to direct but also to improve industrial processes. Narrow technical specialisation is prevented by the common courses in modern Chinese history, economics and philosophy, and even more by an intense social student life which overflows the boundaries of the individual colleges. Athletics, incidentally, are enormously popular, including gymnastics, both international and old Chinese style, while basketball, now spreading to every village, is rapidly becoming the national sport.

I found the professors at the universities mostly men who had been trained in Britain or America, a number of whom I had met before. They have naturally been occupied so far largely with the organisation of teaching both before and since the general reform of higher education in 1952. That reform was essentially a process of concentration ensuring the setting up of a limited number of institutions, each large enough to carry out first-class teaching and research. Once in running order and with the influx of the first groups of graduates, the teachers will be able to develop their fields of research on a scale that could not even be thought of in the old days. Even in their present crowded state and encumbered as they are with building operations, the universities and technical colleges are very pleasant places indeed, with their trees, lakes and gardens, and they are certainly bursting with life and enterprise.

Research has been developed even more rapidly than teaching. It is directed by a revived and extended Academia Sinica. Starting in 1950 from some twenty institutes with four hundred research workers, the Academy has in four years established forty institutes with eighteen hundred workers, two hundred of them of professional standard.

The institutes are still widely dispersed from Manchuria to Nanking and Shanghai, but there is a tendency to concentrate them in Peking except where industrial activity or natural conditions make some other place more favourable. I visited most of the Academy's institutes and as far as I could judge them, in the fields I know best, they have the makings of very fine centres of research. At present there is a natural shortage of senior men and the juniors have still to find their feet. As an example, I might mention the Organic Chemical Institute of Shanghai studying antibiotics, alkaloids and polymers, which has grown from four research workers in 1950 to one hundred and fifty when I visited it. All these research institutes are, moreover, exceptionally well equipped, much of the new apparatus coming from Germany, and they are tackling important and up-to-date problems.

Linked with the Academy institutes are those depending more directly on the industries. These are on the same pattern but because they have a practical use are on a larger scale. The institute of Building Materials Research which I visited near Peking is a self-contained city of its own with more than 1,000 people including 300 scientists and engineers. It was set up only last year and when fully operative will have pilot plants for cement, glass and ceramics. Such research stations have the job of dealing with production difficulties and working out new developments up to the stage that they can be taken up by industry.

The priorities for the scientific work are fixed by discussions in the Academy and among the wider group of scientists in the different fields organised through the Federation of Scientific Societies which, with our Association of Scientific Workers, forms part of the World Federation of Scientific Workers. A major objective is the discovery and utilisation of Chinese natural resources. This was the reason for the great development of the science of Geology with its three great colleges at Peking, Changchung and Changsa and the importance of the geological survey which has a Minister of its own—Li Si Kuang (J. S. Lee) himself a most distinguished geologist. The object is to find the distribution of such basic minerals as good iron ore and coking coal as soon as possible, so as to ensure the most rational location of heavy industry. There are thousands of geologists already in the field but the country is so vast that even a rough survey will still take many years. Already, however, enough new strikes have been made to show that the available resources are many times the pre-liberation estimates.

Mining and metallurgy occupy the next place. I visited the steel town of Ansan, where new Soviet-made automatic mills and blast furnaces have been installed and, manned by Chinese staffs, are in full production. There was also a well-equipped laboratory comparable with the best that might be seen at Sheffield or Pittsburgh.

There is also a great emphasis on all forms of hydraulic engineering for flood control, hydro-electricity and irrigation. I talked to the engineers who had fought the great Hankow flood last year—one several feet above that of 1931 and the highest in the century. It must have been like a major siege, with 500,000 citizens manning the dykes and, by a combination of good planning and individual heroism, successfully holding back the waters. New diversion reservoirs, already started, should prevent the recurrence of the danger, while the long-term plan of control of the whole great Yangtze basin by strategically placed dams is being brought to completion.

Nor is agriculture, still the occupation of three-quarters of the Chinese people, being neglected. I visited a number of agricultural colleges and research stations, north and south, and saw a good deal of what was being done in the application of science to practical farming. I was particularly interested in what was being done in soil microbiology by the deliberate introduction of nitrogen fixing and potash and phosphorus liberating bacteria. These new methods and the large-scale production of fertilisers cannot be expected to cover the needs of agriculture for many years yet, and reliance will have to be placed on using better varieties of crops and on improving traditional methods. The first stage here is to learn from the peasants and to improve only where it is practicable in the absence of machinery. For example, the age-old Chinese plough has been re-designed to be lighter, more easily handled and drawn, and yet within the skill of the village smith to make. Already there have been big improvements in yields of rice and wheat. With this and the opening up of the grasslands of the west, hitherto inaccessible for lack of transport, there will be no anxiety about the food supply for decades to come and by then mechanised agriculture and an ample supply of fertiliser will be well on the way.

To sum up, the transformation of the Chinese economy is being based on the rapid bringing out of the latent ability and knowledge of the whole people and no longer merely of a traditional elite. Even today there are some 200,000 scientists, engineers and doctors in training. This is some five times the number in Britain and about a third as many per head of population. Material advance may be slower, but what has been achieved already has been quite enough to show the other countries of Asia what a people can do by their own efforts.

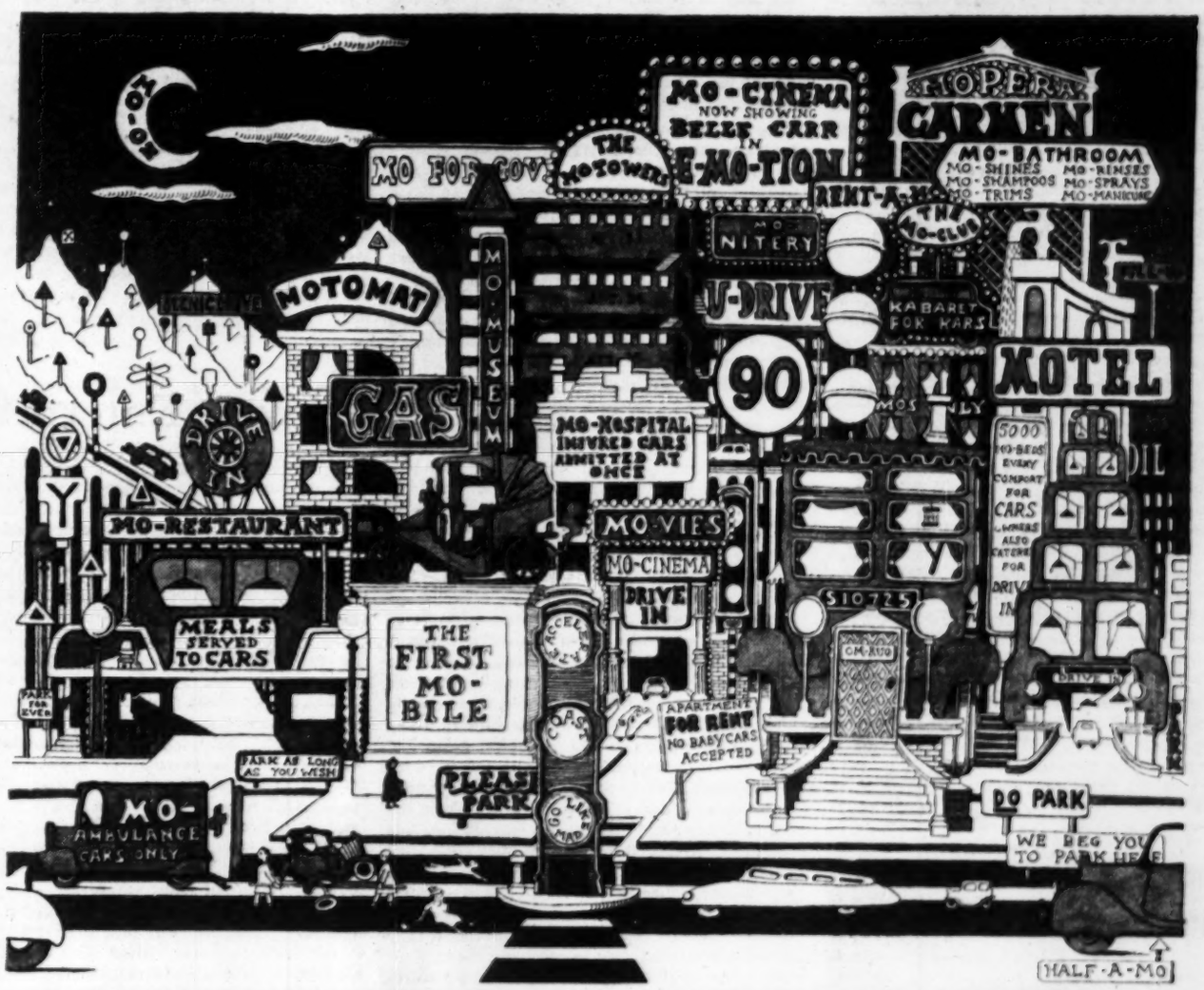
J. D. BERNAL

Ivory Island

I AM on a sort of island, but not a desert one. In fact it is rather fertile in some ways, and the great sea which is the rest of the world often seems bleaker. I am unemployed. I am not perfectly sure why; as far as I can see, it is because I cannot decide what sort of work I want to do. But I may just be lazy or weak, or there may be no work which I am capable of doing. I do not know, and I shall not know until I decide what sort of work I want to do, and try to do it.

My friends who came down with me from Oxford last year have mostly left my island and are swimming briskly and apparently purposefully in some direction or other. Some have put on their best dark suits, shouldered their umbrellas and marched away to Whitehall to be diplomatic. On them, one can persuade oneself, will depend our foreign relations in twenty years' time. They have studied history, and now they will make it. But I am not very diplomatic, and I don't think any history made by me would be particularly useful or interesting. Besides which, I did not have the courage to go in for the examinations, and it is almost too late now.

Others have put on slightly older suits and gone to teach another generation about history and Greek and things. They know quite a lot about these things and will mostly teach very well. But I do not seem to have been able to decide yet



SCHWEPPSYLVANIA

the motocracy

Written by Stephen Potter and drawn by Loudon Sainthill

Schweppsylvania, 49th of the United States and more so than any of them, is neither a technocracy nor a republicanocracy. It is a motocracy, misleadingly called autocracy — a government of, by, and for autos, with, practically, an auto for governor.

For their greater honour, motels are for cars, not people. Mo-parks are clustered with charming polishers and mo-manicurists waiting to tempt the appetite of reclining engines with the oiliest oils and the petroly-est petrols; while slender girls inject into the tyres, from lovely bottles, purest Detroit air.

All highways are mo-ways only. Pedestrians who get in the way are removed after a time to the side of the road and imprisoned, when they recover, for dangerous walking. But the damaged car has been driven, long since, by mo-ambulance to the mo-hospital.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

whether it is a good thing to go straight back to school after university. Young teachers are generally more enthusiastic, more energetic, and their scholarship is fresher. But I should feel nervous about teaching, for example, history, without first having discovered how one can use a knowledge of history in non-academic spheres of life. It is easy enough to say vaguely that it has broadened and deepened one's understanding, given one perspective, mental discipline and so on. But I would want to test this in a wider context before I taught it, or made it the justification for my life's work. Does history, for instance, make one more competent to deal with the non-academic problems of children? If not, what would? Teaching, perhaps, especially when young . . . Or a better knowledge of the non-academic world? Anyway, I want a better knowledge of the non-academic world for my own use.

Other friends have bought brand-new suits, even hats, and gone into business. They are rather apologetic about it, and murmur sheepishly that they suppose they are selling their souls. But they have a friend who was sent straight out to Africa to sell something or other, and after six months he was getting a hundred pounds a week and employing four servants. Not that everyone has such luck, but one never knows. And anyway, rather defiantly, one has to feed the body as well as the soul, even if it does involve practically no holidays and the development of an intense enthusiasm for some kind of soap, or car tyre, or lubricant. I assure them that I do not think they are selling their souls. They will, for one thing, have the money to buy many more books and concert tickets and other kinds of soul-food than I will, even if they have to do so in the South American jungle. Really, I feel faintly envious of them. They are tough, somehow; they can work long and hard at anything they have to do. They can be bright and cheerful with the boss, even when they have a headache, or when the boss is wearing a hideous tie and drinking gin. And things like history and poetry mean just as much to them as they do to me.

No, one cannot despise them, however hard one tries—and I have yet to discover exactly why it is that one does try. Their world is real and solid and very necessary, and they are, after all, involved in the working lives of most of the population. Their responsibility is at least as great as that of the teacher or diplomat. Perhaps we try to despise them because they make us feel escapist. Why, then, do I not buy a new suit, even a hat, and develop an enthusiasm for oil and soap and cars? It is rather difficult to say. I think it may be quite simply that I am afraid the work would be very dull. And the significance of what I would be doing would be more remote from the work itself than in other spheres of activity, so I would not even have the comfort of feeling important. Also I want more than two weeks' holiday a year, even if the work is significant. Then again, of course, I might not be as enthusiastic and hard-working as my colleagues, so I would not get my hundred pounds a week and my four servants, nor my concert tickets, nor even, perhaps, the time to go to concerts.

There are more than three kinds of work to choose from, of course, all with their advantages and disadvantages, but there is not one which seems quite obviously *my* work. So I wear a sports jacket and put my hands in my pockets and stand on my island watching the world swirling around at my feet, and the swimmers and the ships going by. Sometimes my eyes play strange tricks on me; with a kaleidoscope click, I see a new pattern, or another dimension is added to my vision. I look at the door handle and suddenly realise that some people spend their lives making door handles. Do they become connoisseurs of door handles? When they go into a new house, is the first thing they notice the door handle? Or is their personal life quite separate from their work? Probably they buy mass-produced door handles and spend their working hours thinking about pools and pictures and girls, like their friends, who make bricks and hinges and bicycle pumps. Why do I feel I have some sort of right to a job which suits me exactly? People used just to adapt themselves without all this fuss; and if they were unhappy, it was their fault. But my generation seems to think it has a right to be happy, and if it is not happy it feels guilty and resentful. But it still seems a major tragedy that so many people have to do work to which they cannot give more than a small part of their minds and I don't see why I should not try to avoid it.

Then the kaleidoscope clicks again and I have my most dangerous vision. I find myself suddenly wondering why there is any connection at all between working and getting money. What have the two *really* got to do with each other? It suddenly becomes weird and unreal to think that I shall starve if I do not happen to want to do the sort of work for which someone will pay me. Suppose I decide, for some unreasonable reason, that I want to grow flowers and *give* them away. May I not live? No, society will not carry passengers; one must accept the accepted reality. So I force myself to turn the kaleidoscope again, and realise that I have, after all, been working—I had to do something while I was thinking what to do. I have, therefore, paddled in the shallow edges of the sea. But it does not really count, was only temporary, and I shall have to start swimming properly soon.

I look at the swimmers again, and notice that several of them are gazing at me with intense envy (or is that greenish tinge just temporary seasickness?). Some are even heading for my island. They have found that they were going in the wrong direction and they want to take their bearings again. Would they have gone in the right direction if they had brooded a while on my island? Or were they right to plunge straight in and take the risk? There is no general answer, but one thing seems to be clear: when I take the plunge I am almost as likely to make a mistake as if I had taken it a year ago, but I think I shall see the mistake a little sooner. So this is not a desert island, even if I am not quite sure how to describe the plants which are growing around my feet.

MAN SUNDAY

Private Enterprise

MR. BATSEY, who came to help make my cider, says that Betty Chippen has "spoilt herself." For one thing, she hangs around with didicois—well, not didicois exactly, but travellers and fruit-pickers. You can see her any Saturday night with the noisy, tipsy lot outside the pub. Can't be more than twenty. Hadn't been for wanting nylons and that, she'd not have got in that mess over Fred Chippen's easy-chair.

Fred Chippen is a foreman pattern-maker. He used to come and stay for holidays with his mother, in the village. He was her youngest child, and she doted on him, whereas she did not much care for her permanent companion, her granddaughter Betty, a bastard of Fred's bad sister Alice, left with old Mrs. Chippen a week after her birth. Old Mrs. Chippen had got it into her head that Fred was particularly attached to a certain easy-chair: men, she said, are like that. The chair was a very good one, but not otherwise peculiar. I do not know where Mrs. Chippen's idea about the chair came from, but she put it about the village for years how Fred was so fond of that chair, and the village adopted the idea. Everyone liked Fred; a successful man, he was still modest and courteous and gentle. And old Mrs. Chippen was a figure: enormously old, she remained active, a source of pride to the community. In the shop she would tell, for the hundredth time, how particular Fred was about the angle at which his chair was set to the hearth, and how not even her ginger gelded cat, as big as a lamb, was allowed to sit in the chair, although the cat was at least twenty years of age.

All this I know, but Mr. Batsey tells me anyway. He gives the screw of the press another turn, watching the juice spurt. I prompt him back to the Chippen chair by asking when, exactly, old Mrs. Chippen died.

"Last cherrying."

Sometime in July, then. With her death, Fred's chair became not less, but more important; for knowing Betty Chippen for a flighty bit, the village realised that it inherited the keeping of the chair. It was a trust which would not have been accepted from just anyone. But consider that Mrs. Chippen had been born in the village when the American Civil War was raging, that she had been a figure of importance for fifty years, an institution with the same kind of importance as Queen Victoria. It was a pious duty to maintain respect for Fred's chair and his peculiar fondness for it, as it was a pious duty to maintain respect for the Albert Memorial.

Fred inherited his mother's house and Betty continued to live in it with an allowance of £3 a week from her uncle and what she could earn.

Portrait of Cambridge

A. F. Kersting and Bryan Little

"To contemplate Mr. Kersting's splendid series of photographs of these courts, together with those of the ancient churches and other monuments of the city's life, is to realise afresh the enduring riches of Cambridge architecture."—S. C. Roberts, MASTER OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, Cambridge. 25s.

The Life & Work of James Gibbs

Bryan Little

The first biography and critical assessment of one of the greatest British architects—the designer of the Radcliffe Camera and St. Martin-in-the-Fields. 25s.

Art in Coinage

C. H. V. Sutherland

The aesthetic aspects of ancient and modern coins are the subject of this study by the Deputy Keeper of Coins at the Ashmolean Museum. With 147 illustrations. 25s.

BATSFORD

Sometimes she went charring in the middle-class farm-houses, sometimes did field work—cherry, plum, apple, and hop-picking in season, or picking potatoes, or cutting down thistles in the pastures. In her leisure she dressed like a whore but never looked clean.

A fortnight after her grandmother's death, the vicar, Mr. Broughton, called on Betty and reported the cottage looking "like a pig-sty." He's a London man and has never noticed—what do such men notice?—that pigs are tidy brutes. There was something more important: he found Betty Chippen drafting an advertisement for the sale of Fred's chair.

Broughton being discreet and Betty Chippen secretive, the following facts did not emerge until later. Mr. Broughton reproached her—and with reason: one does not sell the Albert Memorial. Betty wept, and confessed that she badly needed fifteen pounds. No doubt behind the fetching veil of tears her eyes were calculating our urban vicar's urban gullibility. She had, she said, been playing poker with some very hard cases, behind the huts of the hopper's camp. They could not, she said, have the law of her: she knew that; but they could—or said they could—take a broken bottle to her pretty face. To Mr. Broughton that did not sound implausible: he knew about hard cases, had had a parish on Stepney Marsh, and knew where our hoppers come from. He did, then, what his excellent nature prompted him to do: he bought the chair for fifteen pounds. Since he did not want it at the vicarage, and the secrecy of the confessional must be kept, he left it with her. But he made clear that it was now his, not hers to dispose of. He knew he could get the money back from Fred when Fred came down for his holidays.

When Fred did come down, Mr. Aylmar, the second "biggest" farmer living in the village, happened to be at the station to collect a parcel. He gave Fred a lift into the village. He would have done that in any case, but he had rather an awkward matter to raise with Fred. The farmer is a kind and charitable and sensitive man, and I think he must have been tempted to say nothing. Still, he knew that Fred was earning about a thousand a year, and was not short of twenty pounds. He blurted out that he had come on Betty, who was employed in picking his late apples, in tears: he had persuaded her to confide that she was obliged to sell Fred's easy chair, was about sending it to Ashersham sale-rooms. It was a good chair, it ought to fetch twenty pounds. The nature of the girl's necessity was touching: she had had a letter from her mother, who was "in trouble."

Startled, Fred said: "That slut!" He had no compassion for his strayed sister. "Haven't heard from her these twenty years," he said. It was typical of such a woman to write a pathetic begging letter to her daughter when in some fix of her own contriving; but surely surprising that such a girl as Betty should have been moved by the letter? At that, Mr. Aylmar put in a word for the girl. "There's a lot of good in her. It doesn't do to be hard."

Fred nodded; he gave awkward thanks to Mr. Aylmar for advancing Betty twenty pounds in order that the chair might not be sold. Before he left the car, he gave the farmer a cheque, not sorry to show, with quiet pride, that he had reached the banking-account rung of the social ladder. He said: "Mother set great store by that chair."

Betty was not in the house when he let himself in. Fortunately, hearing that he was expected, old Mrs. Ashleigh from next door had run in and tidied the place; no one would have wanted the poor fellow to find it in the sort of squalid mess Betty lived in. Fred made himself a cup of tea but he had hardly started to drink it when Miss Vaisey called, entering the house preceded by her usual rattle of high pitched chatter and nervous giggling—an endless running commentary on everything she saw, every motion of her body. I myself have wondered whether Miss Vaisey, getting into her bed at night, alone in her too pretty interior, announced her every movement to the indifferent night—*Now, I'm getting into bed—isn't that funny? Now I lay my head on the pillow—isn't that interesting?* It was as if only repeated announcements of her acts and being, assured her of her own real existence. From the stream of words which poured, ill-modulated, from her, you had to pick out those which might be addressed to you and were not just part of the chain of assurances by which she asserted—*I am, I really am.*

She would, she told Fred, have no tea, no tea; she wanted to see Fred before Betty got back; only a week ago she had given the dear girl a lift into Ashersham in her little car, only a teeny-weeny car but so convenient. She had found the dear, pretty child oh so very *sad*; should not the young be gay? Betty had confided in her; people did, you know, one did not know why, one had no peculiar merit one was sure—but there it was.

What had she confided? Ah, yes—why, that her boy—Miss Vaisey understood him to be a Feverford lad of a decent, hard-working family—had over-reached himself buying a motorbike, missed two payments and was being pressed until the poor fellow was nearly frantic with worry. Hence Betty's trip into Ashersham: she was off to see a dealer about selling Fred's easy-chair. Yes, she knew it was wicked, but she *must* have the money.

I imagine that by this time there were tears of sympathetic emotion in Miss Vaisey's eyes. Fred said: "And so, ma'am, you gave her ten pounds—advanced it like?" At that Miss Vaisey would have flushed and wriggled. She would have explained, with a lot of detail and a score of Proustian digressions—the convenient situation of her bank—the character of the bank-manager—the dreadful two days during which the bank-manager's wife had been in fear of polio for her youngest but it was only influenza after all—explained that she had indeed taken Betty to the bank and given her ten pounds. For she could not let Fred's chair go to the dealer.

Fred was able to show his cheque-book again, a gratification he would willingly have forgone. By the time he had paid Mr. Broughton, he was doubting the advantages of being able to dispose of one's money by a stroke of the pen. "Ah," Mr. Batsey says, as we recharge the press and he wipes juice from his hands, "cost 'im fifty quid." I ask about Fred Chippen's present situation: must he pass the rest of his life buying his chair back from kindly, if officious, neighbours? Mr. Batsey smiles his sly smile again. "Sold the chair 'imself, he has. Never did like it. No comfort in it he reckoned. Only consolation of 'is mother's death, he'd been lookin' forward to getting rid of that chair."

So: and Betty? How was she punished? She wasn't. "Flighty she seems, but knows 'er business. Bought one of them fur coats. Dyed rabbit I reckon—an' I ought to know. Must've sold five, six thousand skins in me time, before this scientific disease they got now."

"Musquash," perhaps, the yellow kind: bait, according to Mr. Batsey, to hook for good the American airman she'd been "going with" over to Manston. Off to the States they were. And although Mr. Batsey has never heard about wooden nutmegs, he says, "She'll do all right there, shouldn't wonder."

EDWARD HYAMS

TURNSTILE PRESS

has pleasure in announcing that it has acquired from the Oxford University Press

The Journal of Education

and that the first number from Turnstile is the April issue published today.

The Journal is one of the oldest-established periodicals in this country, and is unique in its position as an independent monthly review of education.

CONTENTS for APRIL

COMMENTS:
The Golden Ear; Burnham Trials—and Others; Counting the Cost; Minimum Requirements; Turnstile Tales; Off With Their Heads!

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL:
III—Scholarship and Tradition: *Hannah Lister.*

IS LANGUAGE ENOUGH? *Peter Newmark.*

APRIL CARTOON: *Geoffrey Salter.*

PARTNERSHIPS IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION
XI:—An Overall Picture: *P. Dunsheath.*

POOR LITTLE LONELY CHILD: Poem
D. J. Enright.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY:
J. E. Wadey.

LESSONS IN THE LIBRARY:
Phyllis Charlesworth.

CORRESPONDENCE:
Training College Standards.

THE ARTS IN EDUCATION:
Music in Education; Child Art—What Next?

MASS COMMUNICATIONS:
The Twilight of the Steam Radio; Teachers and the Popular Press.

NEW BOOKS:
Ten Pages of Book Reviews including: Innocents Neglected; Evens the Field; Psychical Fashions; Roots of Absolutism; and Shorter Reviews.

TWO SHILLINGS

Obtainable through
ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS

By Post from the Publishers
ONE POUND PER ANNUM
or Two Shillings for single copies.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Bart Errant

"I AND you, sir," said Sir Richard Acland to Mr. Attlee not long ago, "are the only two Labour Members who have also been Party Leaders." A trifle pretentious? To Acland himself the remark would come naturally. As a former chairman of Common Wealth, the 15th Baronet—seventh of the line to be a Member of Parliament since the baronetcy was created in 1644—cannot help being grateful that his ancestors are worthy of him. By tradition, he is a leader rather than a follower; in character an evangelist rather than a disciple; and despite the fact that he went to Rugby, he is the boy who for the best of motives wants to be captain, even if it means starting his own team.

Acland entered political life with that best qualification for political independence—an independent income. After he had sat as a Liberal for the Barnstaple Division of Devon for only two years, he became converted to Socialism in 1937, strangely enough after reading J. M. Keynes's *General Theory*. But, unlike the Right-wing technocrats of the Labour Party, he recognised that Socialism meant more than the analysis of statistics: he conceived it as a moral force. Indifferent to the wry faces of influential Barnstaple Liberals, he threw himself into the Popular Front campaign and the struggle for collective security, that movement of the 1930s which involved much of the best and some of the worst of the Left.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, Acland cocked a joint snook at Hitler and at capitalism with his Penguin, *Unser Kampf*. Its success was immediate and ominous. A central theme of the book was the case for the common ownership of our resources, not primarily on economic but rather on moral grounds. Over a hundred thousand copies were sold in three months, many of them to the Forces. So many letters arrived at Acland's home that he had to push hard with his shoulder to open the door after a long week-end away. The letter-writers and Acland became a Movement. They called it "Our Struggle."

Others were in the struggle, too—it was a period of hope when, as in no previous war, fighting-men and civilians felt that they had a common purpose. Priestley's broadcasts after the Battle of Britain had won such response that even Churchill was jealous. "Our Struggle" and Priestley's 1941 Committee fused to challenge the political truce and promote and support Independent candidates. By 1942, the two bodies had become a political party called Common Wealth. Gideon the Captain was on the move, and his column was growing daily.

If there is anything harder than starting a newspaper, it is starting a political party. But Acland was undaunted. Like the honourable and practical man that he is, he resigned from the Liberal Party on becoming chairman of Common Wealth and offered his management committee a straight deal: if they had no confidence in him, he was ready to fight a by-election immediately; but if they kept him on till the general election, he would at the end of that period leave the constituency and not put up against a Liberal candidate. They decided to keep him.

These tactics were the measure of Acland's sagacity. He is by no means martyrdom-prone. On the contrary, he recognises that the only memorable martyrs are the martyrs for triumphant causes. During his service career combining politics with his duties as a private—he declined a commission—he campaigned inexhaustibly for Common Wealth. But when the bright morning of Common Wealth and its glorious victory over the Tories at Chelmsford had been replaced by the moonless night of Putney, 1945, and a lost deposit, Gideon did not wait to regroup his followers. He resigned.

Like many another M.P. who has had his seat shot from under him, Acland turned to journalism, and domesticity. During the war, he had come to the somewhat bizarre conclusion that he could not go on owning thousands of acres of land at Holnicote and Killerton and still call himself a Socialist; he therefore gave away these two estates, worth half a million pounds between them, to the National Trust. Horror in the County! Alarm and dejection among the tenants! But wait. Acland, with the hard common sense which stiffens his idealism, had made a Trust Fund for the education of his three children (now at Public schools) and preserved for his own use and his family's a wing of the Killerton house. When it was thus made clear that Acland is a good man but not an other-worldly saint, the local commotion was stilled. There were still captious critics who, having previously complained that he'd given everything away, now complained that he hadn't. The truth is that, as his gesture showed, Acland is ready to practice just what he preaches.

In 1947, Transport House had a problem. The Labour Member for Gravesend had been obliged to surrender his seat in particularly sordid circumstances: the Labour cause seemed irremediably tarnished. With imagination and ingenuity, the Party offered the electors, as an alternative sample from their bag—Sir Richard Acland. Sir Richard came hot-foot from Devon, roared, stuttered (his own expression of self-criticism) harangued (he has written a manual on public-speaking) and—final punch to his groggy opponents—brought up a miners' choir complete with burning lamps to sing, in the hushed dark of a vast meeting, "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah." (For a long time afterwards, the miners' choir became mandatory for Labour election meetings.)

Acland won. Jubilation: Philistia routed. Only sour note from the *Sunday Express*—"They've won the battle, but they've got Sir Richard Acland." Yet, for eight years, all went well. Sir Stafford Cripps sent for him and hoped that a few Members not so overwhelmed with detail would direct themselves to the long-term problem of raising the all-round standards of social responsibility and morality in the country. Acland got to work. He wrote a book, *Nothing Left to Believe*, a series of pamphlets, was one of the founders of the parliamentary Socialist Christian group. He became a devoted M.P., tireless in supporting good causes, putting down Motions on the Order Paper and canvassing for them. Day after day he could be seen loping across the Members' Lobby with the single-minded fixation of Groucho Marx stalking a blonde. It was only when Acland began to challenge insistently Britain's colonial policies—to demand action under Point Four and to talk of peaceful coexistence—that Labour's technocrats began to remember that he was a wild man, and the machine-minders to recall that he was always a recalcitrant cog. Was he not known at Rugby as "the little Sinn Feinner," because he agreed with his parents in protesting against the Black and Tans? Now at 49, he was still an awkward fellow, opposed to the manufacture and use of the hydrogen bomb in any circumstances. Using theological arguments as if *he* were Archbishop of York! Who was Acland to imagine that he had the right to denounce the H-bomb as a blasphemy and a sin?

Acland is unperturbed. If the Party disagrees with him, so much the worse for the Party. To those who charge him with disloyalty and the habit of resigning, he answers: "There is great force in this loyalty, but it can be overdone. It is possible to reach a point where a man must surrender the principle he believes in or resign." As he has said in another context, "It's all as plain as the nose on my face." So now, with his wife ("Richard and I are in this together"), he once again leads a movement without a party. But there are great numbers inside the Labour Party who reject instinctively the present H-bomb party coalition. Will Acland at Gravesend be the catalyst of these emotions? Will he even

win the election—as he himself undoubtedly thinks possible? If he does, a great shout of delight will go up from many, perhaps a majority of Labour Party rank-and-filers, who see in Acland the romantic expression of their deepest beliefs. But the Labour Party will still have lost a seat; and there will be others, hard-headed, practical politicians, who will condemn (as they have before) the irresponsibility of a man who will sacrifice his party to the comfort of a somewhat histrionic conscience.

The Arts and Entertainment

Politics Out of Town

THERE were two interesting and rewarding out-of-town productions last week. First at Coventry, where the only remaining provincial repertory run wholly by the Arts Council, the Midland Theatre Company, has its centre. This is a three-weekly rep. which plays its first week at Coventry, divides its second week between Nuneaton and Netherton and plays its third at Loughborough. It is an exhausting programme calling for good organisation and administration, both of which, I should say, judging from my sample of it, are amply provided. The Midland Theatre Company does not quite pay its way: it falls short by just about the amount of its heavy travelling expenses. But even this is good going in a district without, I suspect, a strong theatre-going tradition, especially when we remember that the fare offered is by far from being wholly "commercial." The other no less admirable venture is the Queen's Theatre, Hornchurch, which has the distinction of being the only theatre owned and run by an Urban District Council. It has managed, in its first year, to pay its way, and even made a small surplus, although it, too, maintains a high level in its choice of plays.

The Midland Theatre Company offered us the most alluring of baits, Miss Irene Worth as guest star in a play by Ugo Betti. Betti, who died a year or two ago, was an Italian dramatist who, until the translator, Mr. Henry Reed, made him familiar to us on the Third Programme, was virtually unknown in this country—and, indeed, as far as I can discover, in America, too. For in Mr. Gassner's vast, compendious, inclusive thousand-page manual *Masters of Drama* (published over here by the Vision Press at 48s.) Betti's name is not even mentioned. This will no doubt be corrected in the next edition, for Ugo Betti is certainly something of a find. His ancestry might be described as out of Ibsen by Pirandello, though he belongs, of course, to a generation younger than the latter. His is the humane voice speaking consciously in the chaotic world of political values. At the opening of *The Queen and the Rebels*, a busload of protesting travellers is herded into the decaying town hall of a small mountain town. For the umpteenth time that day their papers are to be examined yet again. The Party, newly in power, is on edge; the rumour has gone round that "the Queen," deposed five years earlier but still in hiding, and still a symbol of resistance, is trying to escape across the mountains. The travellers are put through it by the old rough-and-ready test, "Show us your hands!" Two pairs betray the wrong class, a man's and a woman's. But the man, it turns out, is not a counter-revolutionary; he is the expected Commissar travelling incognito. And the woman is not, as the Commissar suspects, the Queen; she is a tart (favourite figure of modern Italian fiction) who has found the going too hard in the city and has come up to stake a claim on one of her former protectors who is now, cynically, working with the Party.

This man, Raim, who is a simple crook, does not want to be bothered with her—he is too busy buttering his bread on the right side. But she produces a master card: among her fellow travellers on the bus she has recognised the Queen in an innocuous-looking peasant woman. Together she and Raim plan to steal her last funds and, in exchange for helping her to escape, persuade her to give them the names of the confederates who are helping her. The Queen is a broken figure after five years of hiding and horror; she collapses in a moral mess at the tart's feet. Melodrama, you see, is the framework on which the play is built (before we have finished, indeed, we shall have found Italian opera to be another strand in Betti's ancestry). But it is excellent melodrama and used to good purpose; for we have now reached the crux. What has already been foreshadowed now begins to take place—the tart takes on the identity of the Queen. Everyone is willing to abet her: the people want a victim, the Party want a symbol—any identity will do. But the drama is not a kind of Anastasia story, a mere matter of mistaken identity; it lies rather in the inner conviction with which this woman discovers possibilities in her personality (this is the Pirandello influence) which her previous experience of life has never brought into play—courage, dignity, choice, and power over other people. She finds herself equal to the demands made on her and, in the last remaining hours of her life, realises herself fully. It is a fine theme and Betti handles it and sustains it in a manner and a language worthy of it.

It also provides, as may be imagined, a superb part for an actress: and it is one which Miss Irene Worth superbly matches. I have never seen this fine actress better suited. The range demanded is wide; it moves from the sluttish to the regal, from the pathetic to the grand, and Miss Worth carries us with a fine certainty and command all the way right to the heart of the experience. This is a performance in the Peggy Ashcroft class, which London would enjoy seeing. For a repertory company it is admirable experience to have acting of this quality in the midst of them, but it is also rather hard on them, even though the play does provide some excellent parts for others, too. On the whole, the Midland Company supported Miss Worth (it was inevitably rather like that) with credit. The part which nearest matches hers is that of the Commissar, and their duel in the last act has something of the intensity of the duel in *The Prisoner*. Mr. Kenneth Macintosh, who made an excellent first impression as the Commissar, kept his end up almost to the finish, and was only defeated by the last fine long speech which needed more technical resource than he can at present produce. Mr. Frank Hauser staged the play clearly and powerfully, the tensions and the climaxes were all there. Only one small thread eluded him—or perhaps it was me it eluded—namely, the point of the wounded general who so fortuitously dies at the right moment. Good sets by the resident designer, Robin Pidcock. Altogether, an admirable choice of play, admirably put on.

No less admirably adventurous is the programme of the Hornchurch Queen's Players, under Mr. Stuart Burge (they are, I believe, the only rep. to have put on *The Prisoner*, and among their recent successes has been *The Living Room*). Their current production is a new play by a local playwright—a venture which would deserve praise even if the play were not nearly as good as this one is. Mr. A. C. Thomas, in *The Sixteenth of September*, takes on the extremely difficult task of bringing a political theme into the familiar suburban setting. He has against him at the outset the whole flood of tittle-tattle domestic comedies and dramas in which the mere mention of anything serious is taboo. It is a tribute to his skill, and to the actors', that he all but brings it off. He first imagines a situation where the Marxist Party in this country has been declared illegal and its leaders are on the run. The young son of the house brings in, and demands shelter for, one of them, a tough, uncompromising politico suspected of sabotage: and the question is whether the father of the family, who professes himself an old-fashioned liberal, will or will not give him asylum. Mr. Thomas makes all this entirely convincing because he thoroughly understands both of the political points of view and so is able to let them express themselves succinctly and authoritatively, and because he has a no less happy touch with the common-or-garden life of an everyday suburb. All get their share and all are alive. If the last act is less persuasive, that is because its premise—a political reversal which means the temporary domination of the Marxist group—needs more building-up than he has time to give it. But the play remains interesting and gripping to the end, and I hope that we shall hear more of Mr. Thomas in the future. The company gives his play every chance in a well-gauged performance. Mr. John Moffat as the Communist and Mr. Haydn Jones as the Liberal are particularly good.

I cannot believe that Hornchurch, unique in making the experiment of owning their own repertory, are unique in other respects. Why do not others follow their lead? How splendid, and how splendidly English, it would be if our Urban District Councils became the agents to lead the repertory movement back to health!

T. C. WORSLEY

Round the Galleries

I AM unable to criticise in the ordinary way the three large Hiroshima panels now exhibited at the College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square. Instead, I beg readers to go to see them and form their own resolutions and opinions. The panels, executed in Chinese ink on hanging scrolls of paper, were painted in Tokyo by Iri Maruki and his wife, Toshiko Akamatsu. The first, called *Ghosts*, shows the dead refusing to accept their sentence; the second, which is painted in red as well as black and grey, shows the burning of civilians who were not even

WOMEN of the STREETS

A Sociological Study of the Common Prostitute

EDITED BY C. H. ROLPH

for the British Biology Council

An up-to-date and informed picture of street prostitution (in London) which has never before come under the scrutiny of modern social survey techniques. The early history of the women and girls, how and why they become prostitutes, the social and economic factors affecting their lives, etc. The purposely restricted scope of this investigation made it possible for the research worker concerned to form friendships among the prostitutes and to share for a time their alien view of the "straight" world across the moral border. Her visits to approved schools, Borstal institutions and magistrates' courts, her talks with probation officers and social workers, her experimental walks on well-known "beats" and her long discussions with the girls combine to make this vivid and moving document the frankest and most authentic account of the prostitute that has appeared in this century.

248 pages. Cloth Binding.

Published by Messrs. Secker & Warburg Ltd.

21/9 *post free from*

Better Books Ltd.

92, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

believed to be witches; and the last, *Water*, depicts the scorched, the radio-active and the demented trying to drink in a river, their skins spotted like leopards—the black spots being burns. Yet most emphatically these works are not horrific. All the naked figures have been embraced in compassion. The effort of will necessary to do this is almost beyond our imagination. Indeed, the reason why I think this exhibition is impossible to assess as we have grown accustomed to assessing exhibitions is that we are far too involved in its challenge and accusation. Here is the way certain desperadoes are prepared to let Europe burn in the name of Freedom. Here is what the majority of our side-stepping public men will not face up to. Here, above all, is what was done in Asia in the name of the Western Powers. Here is our guilt. We may not feel personally responsible, but as Westerners we are justly held so by Asia, and we shall not be forgiven whilst we continue to forget. That these works force us to this realisation is the only tribute we are in a position to pay to their truth and courage.

The Borough Bottega, a group of artists who were originally students of David Bomberg at the Borough Polytechnic, are now exhibiting 50 works at Walker's Galleries. One's first impression is how ugly their violent but often dark, thickly painted pictures are. The pigment is coarse, the forms lumpy, the colour frequently messy. One's second impression is that beneath their superficial "brutality" here are seven young artists, incidentally reacting against fashionable elegance, and seriously trying to deal with the constant problem of how to communicate what an artist finds in the normal facts of space, mass, weight, distance, movement and so on. In their Foreword they refer to this rather pretentiously and use the word mass as though it should have a capital "M" and be celebrated every day. But in some of their works they are simpler. The darks in Dinora Mendelson's snowscape (No. 2) are as iron-like as they often are in nature. Lilian Holt's landscape of El Barrio has a true sense of scale: the sunlight reflecting off the town across the vast plain as though from heliographs, and the brushmarks expressing the speed and distance implied. Richard Michelmore's nude lunges with all possible weight. Anthony Hatwell's carving of a rock-climber seems to move up like a screw as one walks round it.

There are also some canvasses by Bomberg himself in the show. He is an important and a very mature painter who should have a retrospective exhibition at the Tate. The emotion, manner and content of his pictures are completely integrated. In *The Rising Wind, Ronda* the paint seems to strike the rocks with the force of the wind itself; in his portrait of a Franciscan monk it shares in the frugality of the man. It is by comparison with the Bombergs that one reaches one's third impression of the other works. Because these younger artists are excessively interested in a subject's *general* mass and movement, they tend to ignore (particularly in their figure paintings) all the small forms and counter-movements which give character—hands, feet, ears, knees; they then try to compensate for this by giving their pigment and brush gestures a false "character" of spontaneity. The danger they must avoid is well summed up by Mr. Bronowski in his book on Blake: "Pictures are painted with colours; they do not paint colours."

Archibald Zeigler is having an exhibition at the Ben Uri Gallery. The formalisation in his highly coloured landscape are too automatic and like conventional camouflage. His large painting of a pregnant woman, however, is very much more deeply felt. The Bearsted collection of Old Masters at the Whitechapel Gallery includes a fine Stubbs of a haycart, a Bosch, a magnificently luminous Ruysdael; an unusual St. George and the Dragon by the German painter Michael Pacher and several early Flemish masterpieces.

JOHN BERGER

The Face of Violence

PERHAPS it was not, after all, such a disadvantage not to have heard Mr. J. Bronowski's *The Face of Violence* on the air: at least one approached its transfer to the stage without pre-conception. In the Tavistock Repertory Company's production at the Tower Theatre, Canonbury, much of it seemed to me to score whole-heartedly as *theatre*. The main successes are two big scenes: one an Isherwoodish night-club-cum-boxing-booth scene, the other a circus tent where a group of clowns wantonly turn their stooge into a real victim. The latter, particularly, seemed to me to bring off a sharp dramatic effect.

The piece as a whole is a straightforward morality, based on a fable about an ex-Serviceman with a compulsive neurosis to find an enemy N.C.O. who was responsible for an ugly atrocity in a P.O.W. camp. So we have the shape of a quest, not for the Grail but for a flower of the Judas tree. Symbolism alternates with a sort of thumb-nail realism.

Certainly, whether for radio or stage, the morality play is a form worth thinking of. Dramatists have known this at least since von Hofmannsthal turned back to *Everyman*, and Auden and Isherwood turned to Brecht. Mr. Bronowski took a searching theme and a lively form. Why his quest remains unconsummated is a nice question. Minor blemishes like the unabashed blackboard work of his Hyde Park orator scene (in a documentary film this would be a diagram sequence) don't do much harm. What breaks down is the resolution.

On this point judgment has to be tentative; but the fact that the grand finale ceased to be drama, and became flat statement, I am inclined to attribute to the poet's hesitancy. He felt it not enough to trust to his own line "the face of violence is a human face"; and then one seemed to hear Mr. Bronowski industriously avoiding any of the usual copy-book solutions yet ending by producing a blurred version of them all. The play ceased to be dramatic and seemed "to be going intellectual on us," just to the degree that the poet had muffed the intellectual problem.

Yet in all it was a rewarding evening in the theatre. The producer, Miss Eva Holterman, got some excellent team work out of her amateur cast, and I thought Guy Sheppard's sets quite admirable. The Tavistock Repertory Company have a new home in the Tower Theatre, Canonbury. If they keep to this level of enterprise they will have to be watched. Strictly, this notice should be read in the past tense since by the time it appears the production will have given place to another: but I think *The Face of Violence* should be scored up for the record.

MONTAGU SLATER

Fame's My Line

IT has been pointed out elsewhere that when, after a run of almost four years, *What's My Line?* ended in a positive parade of sagger-maker's bottom-knockers an epoch in the history of television ended too. Not that *What's My Line?* is dead. It is anything but that; but when we see it again it will be under the auspices of the commercial stations and not the B.B.C., and there can be no doubt that the loss to the B.B.C. will be very much the I.T.A.'s gain. Its passing marks the end of the B.B.C.'s domination over television; more important, it marks the end of a period during which one great fact about television came to be generally recognised. This is that, whether it wants to or not (and in the early days it was no doubt quite accidental) television makes its own stars. It would be absurd to claim very much for *What's My Line?*, for it is merely back-handed praise to say that it has proved the best of the panel games. Yet this it has shown us, that it can confer enormous fame on comparatively unknown people overnight; and lest the words "comparatively unknown" may sound like a slur on the people appearing in the panel let me hastily add "unknown" to the majority of the millions watching. A case in point was the appearance in the programme last year of Mr. Robert Morley. Who is more famous in the West End theatre than Mr. Morley? But even the West End theatre is the concern of a minority, numerically a small minority; and it was plain, as one read the press next morning and listened to the comments of viewers, that Mr. Morley had suddenly become a "discovery."

It is really quite incidental that so many of the *What's My Line?* team have been recruited from the stage, quite incidental that Mr. David Nixon, for instance, is a professional conjuror and Miss Barbara Kelly a well-known actress. For when we see them in *What's My Line?* that is the least important thing about them. Which shows what a very curious thing television stardom is, stardom of a kind unlike anything known before in the entertainment industry. To the making of great actors, great comedians, great clowns, go, in addition to innate talent, years of professional training. All that is required of the television star is that he shall be—or at any rate create the illusion that he is being—himself.

The type instances, of course, are Mr. Harding and Lady Barnett. The other evening we were privileged to rubber-neck into Lady Barnett's home in Leicestershire. Four years ago the privilege would not have been ours; and even if it had been, we should have refused to take it up, since one doesn't, even through the medium of TV, wander through the homes of strangers. Four years ago, Lady Barnett was a stranger, a provincial lady of severely local eminence. Today, no lady, apart from royalty, is more famous; and she is famous not because of her public work or because of anything to do with her professional training, which is that of a doctor, but because she behaves naturally in front of the camera.

It is surely the oddest kind of fame there has ever been. But there it is. It is television, and it is something quite new. There were hints of its coming, of course, in sound broadcasting, but Mr. Harding and perhaps Mr. Pickles apart, sound alone has produced none of these prodigies of fame. The great broadcasters had fame in their own right before they began to broadcast; and in their early days on the air at any rate, Mr. Priestley and Sir Compton Mackenzie were listened to because they were Mr. Priestley and Sir Compton Mackenzie. It happens, of course, that from time to time the spotlight of fame that TV projects is thrown on the already distinguished. There is then a universal discovery of what had been fame among a minority: the most striking instance is Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

At first glance it would seem that fame of this kind, which is fame without any of the necessary qualities which have made for fame in the past, must be almost entirely evil in its consequences. All the same, we shall have much more of it, for at present we are merely on the fringe of the era of television fame. Within the next twelve months we shall probably be well over the fringe, for we may expect all the commercial companies, as well as the B.B.C., assiduously to seek out those on whom it may be projected. What we would be very unwise to do, it seems to me, is to minimise its reality. It is, I am sure, a wholly new kind of fame, based on a new kind of relationship between the person in whom it is enshrined and the recipient public. In a way, because TV is the most immediate and the most universal form of mass communications that there is, the TV star belongs to the people as no stars of the past ever have. The great actors have always been remote from their audiences, and film stars, too, are fabulous creatures from the realms of fable. TV stars are not fabulous; their popularity does not depend upon exoticism. They belong to the living room, are familiars; and I am told by

people accustomed to being seen on television by the millions that they are treated as familiars. Indeed, I think one's own experience proves this. If one watches a great deal of television an increasingly common experience is to encounter in the flesh faces one cannot at first put a name to. The immediate reaction is: "I know that man; but where did I meet him?" And in the end one remembers one met him in one's living room the other evening. The response is not one of awe; it is nothing like that one experiences when one finds oneself unexpectedly sitting in the theatre beside a famous actor. The response is precisely that of familiarity. The TV screen reduces in more ways than one, and this may prove the greatest safeguard against the evil effects of the fame it can so fortuitously create.

WILLIAM SALTER

Hiroshima

"Children of Hiroshima," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

The banners and headlines of the previous film—"Unmarried Mothers" "Dangers of Ignorance!"—were still overhead when, on Monday morning, we hurried into the press view of *Children of Hiroshima*. We needn't have hurried, it started 15 minutes late. Gramophone records went on playing and we fidgeted and wondered. That most dreaded image of our time, the dazzling cauliflower which consumed a city, would soon show up. The screen lives by images, but this one, except in its newsreel setting, had so far proved altogether too large. I remembered one rather miserable piece that had tried to palm off the sacred mission, the conscience-stricken pilot with a family; but it hadn't worked. One waited for the dreadful instant, the instant came, and ten minutes later the lights went up on our dim everyday. There may have been only one way of dropping that bomb, in a mood of clinical resolution; but every moment since has drawn us away from the knifer and towards the victim. Whether Hiroshima will go down as the greatest crime of history—certainly, it was the biggest massacre—depends partly how history goes and who's there to write it. Things To Come have grown adult since Wells. . . . Such, or similar, thoughts are provoked by the mere title of this Japanese film, ten years after the event.

The film itself takes us back three years. A school-teacher is going on holiday to Hiroshima, having, as she says, "forgotten" the bomb, and remembering her birth-place. But as the boat chugs under a bridge into harbour, her eye keeps going up to the sky. There are big cumulus shapes, and it's quiet. Much of the town has been rebuilt, boys dive off a pier, she wanders to the crude monument marking the bomb centre, finds her parents' grave in a waste and plants flowers. Her thoughts go back to the morning of August 6, 1945, and the experience we have dreaded comes: the mild sunlight slants down, people go to work and children to school, the clock's second hand jerks towards 8.15, a single aeroplane flies over, and after the blinding flash sunflowers wither and limbs are contorted. These few close-ups give the whole horror. A torso on which the blood spots. A crouching man's shadow imprinted on steps. Memory fades. Nearly a quarter of a million people have died.

The supreme tension over, one may wonder how the film, as film, will manage to go on. It does, inquiringly: the girl looks for the three children of her old school who have survived, and finds one, a Christian, dying, another at his father's deathbed, the third in an orphanage. To this last she has been led by a half-blind old beggar, his grandfather, who had worked in her parents' house till the bomb scarred him. So the ripples of the far-off explosion spread; and because she wants to take the boy away with her, the old beggar locks the door, gets drunk,

APRIL

ACID POP

Since the youth of the world, April, according to the chronicles, has been packed with headline happenings. Noah is said to have left the Ark in April. In more recent Aprils the Order of the Garter was instituted (1348); the good ship Bounty, with Charles Laughton as skipper, had a mutiny aboard (1787); the first movie was shown in New York (1896); and the Bank of England ceased to issue £10 notes (1943). Thrill after thrill for April. But what of the sombre anniversary that we so often neglect to respect on successive April 9ths? Yes . . . but we had to remind you. On April 9th, 1889, died Chevreul, "Father of Fatty Acids." What a charming soubriquet to find in print! Mother of the Gracchi, Sons of Thunder, Daughter of the West, Father of History, Sons of Battle, Father of Fatty Acids . . . the family honorifics roll down the roll of the years, and euphoniously does Chevreul take his place among the honoured. We need not lose our heads and become maudlin about fatty acids, Chevreul's brainchildren. They may block our drains, stimulate our phagocytes and nauseate our imaginations, but whatever fatty acids may be, let us raise our hats on April 9th and remember Papa Chevreul. Let us determine to be nicer, more respectful to all men of science.

At the Midland Bank we pay our respects in a practical manner, by our readiness to use all the resources of modern invention which seem likely to help us increase and improve the service we give to our customers.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

Make the sea trip part of your holiday

. . . enjoy the tang of the sea and then that first thrill, reborn with every trip—as you walk down the gangway into France—the catch of the breath as you enter a new world. The gendarmes on the quay, peak-capped and cloaked—porters, blue-bloused and volubly French—even the engines seem to whistle in a foreign language. Then on to the train . . . Paris, Basle and beyond. All combine to welcome you to something new—something exciting—the perfect start to your Continental holiday!

Services and fares from principal Travel Agencies or the Continental Enquiry Office, VICTORIA STATION, London, S.W.1, or BRITISH RAILWAYS TRAVEL CENTRE, Lr. Regent St., S.W.1.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Short Sea Routes to France

and sets fire to his shanty. We have never seen the original holocaust and these flames stir a retarded pity. Everything in this film is conveyed, as it only could be, by reflection, in small samples. The sunflower drops, the man's shadow on the steps evokes the man, a man and a woman talk seriously on a bridge and we begin to notice the river bottom through the clear water, the broken old beggar at last dies. Even as the boy and the teacher step on the boat to take them away to one of the islands the drone of an aeroplane comes near: the young woman looks up fearfully, and the child catches at matter of fact—"Airplane!"

This film, we are told, was produced, directed, and largely acted by natives of Hiroshima. (Special praise should go to Kaneto Shindo, who wrote and directed, to Osamu Takizawa's beggar and Nobuko Otowa's school-teacher.) Any other means, we may feel, could hardly have achieved this muted authenticity and tragedy. There's no comment; none is needed. If there is any indignation, it is ours. We go away with feelings uncomfortably engaged whether we would or not. One day may find us in a worse Hiroshima.

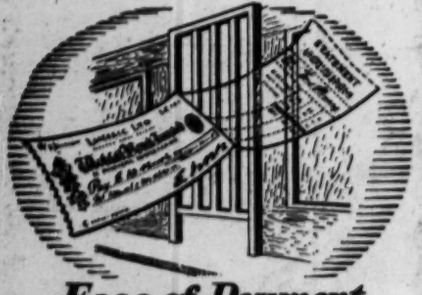
It might be a good thing if everyone in England, America, and Russia could see this film before further experiments and paper talk have made us case-hardened; but of course no one—comparatively speaking—will. In a world made safe—we are told—by the hydrogen bomb, will not *Unmarried Mothers* and Mr. Bing Crosby keep the flags flying?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Ukranian Folk Songs and Dances, at the Hammersmith Town Hall

There are apparently about 33,000 Ukranians in this country, and these exiles have formed an association part of whose aim is to foster the arts and traditions of its people. Last Sunday, on the occasion of the association's tenth anniversary, a concert of national music and dancing was given. The dancing was not of great interest because there were no very expert executants. The men were quite capable, but their partners looked like bewildered English wives whose grasp of the meaning of folk dancing went no farther than the palais glide. There was none of that tension behind the simple gestures that makes the sudden bursting forth of explosive energy so exciting. It was also curious to see how the men never failed to get the downward emphasis of movement, while the girls, like some caricature of the English dancing Russian, never failed in an upward bob. Probably the Morris dance is what we are most temperamentally fitted for. The important and chief part of the programme was taken up with the Homin Men's Choir, wonderfully conducted by Yaroslav Babunyak without accompaniment. This chorus performed with a precision and richness which was the more satisfying because the sound seemed to come so naturally without any strain or self-consciousness. There were many national songs, both sad and violent, that were intricately weighted by the variety of voices. In The Grey Cuckoo by Nishchynskyi the soloist calling to the imprisoned cossacks momentarily seemed one of the most beautiful sounds ever produced. With this choir there is no need for the Ukranian Association to feel anxious that their musical traditions are dying out.

A. F.



Ease of Payment

The increasing use of cheques for payment of bills, coupled with the convenience and safety of such a method, makes it a real necessity to have a banking account. To have that account with the C.W.S Bank is good business too, since you will find the charges small for the very full range of facilities available through the Bank's Branches and Co-operative Society Agencies everywhere.

C.W.S BANK, P.O. Box 101, Manchester 4
Please send me your illustrated folder with terms of accounts, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

London Office: 99 Leman Street, E.1.
Sub-Offices: Kingsway & Westminster

Correspondence

THE GAZA INCIDENT

[Lieutenant-Colonel Shaul Ramati, who sent us the following remarkable letter (which we have very slightly abridged), is at present employed at the G.H.Q. of the Israeli Army. He was educated in England; holds an Oxford M.A. degree; and served during the war as an officer in a famous British regiment. He has been an Israeli citizen since 1948, and served for some years as a member of the U.N. Mixed Armistice Commission. Col. Ramati writes to us in his personal capacity, and his views must not be taken as necessarily those of the Israeli Government. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—There was more than one reason for the swift retribution meted out to a crack regular unit of the Gaza garrison after its attack on a patrol of the Israel Army. Not one of the many incidents of provocation perpetrated from the Gaza Strip against Israel territory during the last few months was in itself sufficient to warrant so severe and dangerous a reaction, although some of them were serious. During last autumn the huge water pipeline to the Negev was thrice blown up by Egyptian sabotage units, specially trained for such tasks—a fact clearly brought out by the official U.N. inquiry reports. Another such unit penetrated 20km. into Israel to destroy a house in Pattish village with explosives. As part of their "commando" training, or work for the Egyptian Intelligence Service, which exploits the refugees as their instrument in an unscrupulous and cowardly warfare, these groups were set certain tasks as far from the border as Rehovoth or Rishon-le-Zion. Beyond that they were given a free hand. The right to rob was considered sufficient payment for Palestinian civilian infiltrators employed as guides and porters. They would hang out for some days in Israel, hiding during the day in marshes or caves. At night they would sally forth to waylay a cyclist, an old farmer returning home with his sons after a long day's work, a lonely tractor driver, or some other defenceless—that is to say suitable—victim. In most of these cases the Mixed Armistice Commission condemned Egypt in the strongest terms. In those that it did not, the chance capture of one of the infiltrators who had taken part, and his dramatic confession to a Danish U.N. observer sent to interrogate him, showed the official Egyptian authorities to be responsible.

Yet these serious aggressions received neither publicity nor condemnation at the hands of the Western press and governments, any more than Israel's policy of "no retaliation under any circumstances" met with any appreciation abroad. Nor did it lead to any efforts being made by the U.N. or the Powers to use their influence with the Egyptian authorities to dissuade them from their dangerous policy. When General Burns made suggestions to improve the unsatisfactory state of affairs on the Gaza border in an official report, they were couched in a manner that left an uninformed person with the impression that both sides were equally to blame. True, the phrasing was intended not to offend Egypt, and to further the chances of an agreement on constructive measures. A careful reader of the Appendices listing Armistice Commission decisions, who is not simply satisfied with the general introductory remarks, would soon find that there was no balance; he would be confronted by a clear picture of continued aggression by one side and continued abstention from retaliation in kind by the other.

The policy of wooing the Arabs at all costs, turning a blind eye to their breaches of the peace and sending them arms despite their continuous threats and refusals even to talk about a settlement, has already convinced the Arabs that now they can ignore Armistice Commission decisions and engage in illegal boycott and border warfare. The Gaza clash showed that Israel was not ready to sacrifice her national security on the altar of "quiet and stability" bought by appeasement at her expense. The sense of isolation after the signing of the Turco-Iraqi pact, and the feeling of having been entirely ignored, except in a most negative way, in the negotiations leading up to it, forced Israeli opinion to the conclusion that to maintain its security, Israel had only itself to rely upon. This feeling was reinforced by the West's reluctance to give a firm guarantee to protect Israel's frontiers against Arab aggression, inadequate though this would be as a "balance" to arms shipments to the Arab States. In such circumstances U.N. condemnations and adverse world public opinion can do but little to wean Israel away from self-reliance. It is even quite conceivable, that, before a certain stage of unbalance is reached, the choice before Israel might be peace or a shooting war now—however unfavourable the circumstances—or certain destruction in a year's time. The lesson of Czechoslovakia's surrender of the Sudetenland for "the common good" in 1938, and its destruction in 1939, is still fresh in our minds. Though there is no one with influence in Israel who favours retaliation, there is also no one who does not believe that at a certain stage it becomes inevitable.

Though there are indications that the Egyptians intend to lessen the gap between their 40 dead and 30 wounded and the eight killed and 13 wounded of the Israel Army, there is little chance of a retaliation in kind despite Colonel Nasser's threats. Sneak attacks and sabotage by small groups of four or five men are more likely. More than ever the Egyptian Army fears the Israel Army. They must also realise that the blow they received they brought on to their own heads. The bill has now been settled, and they realise that should they run up new accounts these will also be liquidated.

Israel's depression in the face of increasing isolation and a new wave of border aggressions has been relieved. Israel won its independence by morale and courage. To maintain these at a sufficiently high level is vital for its continued existence and development. To maintain and improve national morale therefore is the primary function of Israel's Government. Morale breeds courage and courage morale. The uncommon bravery showed by the Israeli force filled the nation with pride and gave it a much-needed sense of security, a security guaranteed not by dubious declarations made in distant capitals, but by the valour of its young. Though there is no such connection, the man in the street has tended to identify the action with Mr. Ben Gurion's return to the Defence Ministry, a fact which will no doubt be of some benefit to Mapai in the coming elections.

The Egyptian unit routed was composed of Sudanese, and could thus be counted as representative of the best the Egyptian Army can produce. The soldiers showed themselves to be not unworthy opponents, firing all their weapons with determination despite the fire directed at them. Only when our troops had charged to within some 10 metres of them, did they give up, throwing down their weapons and seeking safety in flight. A small number fought it out to the end, whilst those not directly charged

kept up aimed fire from the moment of the original attack on the patrol up to the time when the reserve force, sent into the battle, recrossed the border. In the face of this determined attack, our soldiers (60-70 according to U.N. and Egyptian sources) carried back with them 21 wounded and dead. Only a soldier can fully appreciate this amazing demonstration of discipline and exemplary comradeship under fire. They overcame the confusion of a night battle, the instinct of not risking one's life for someone already dead, and the feeling of fatigue and utter helplessness when carrying wounded under fire. The self-discipline of the wounded, who did not utter a sound for fear of giving away the position of their comrades, added glory to the troops who won this bloody clash.

The Israel Army spokesman at no stage contended that the force which defeated the Egyptians was identical with the patrol which they had attacked. Lack of emphasis on this distinction may have been to blame for the doubt with which this official statement was treated outside of Israel. Yet no one here was in the least surprised. The Egyptians have always been ready to provide the provocation needed to justify retribution. It was thus that they lost the Negev, attacking an Israel convoy proceeding on its authorised way under the terms of the U.N. Truce. In the last months there have been no less than a dozen or two of such incidents, in which Israeli patrols were attacked by fire from Egyptian positions whilst on routine duty within Israel territory. Prepared by bitter experience for this contingency, the patrol would normally extricate itself with but few casualties and the Israel-Egyptian Mixed Armistice Commission would then condemn both countries for breaching the Armistice Agreement by firing across the lines. In this case, after casting his decisive vote, the U.N. chairman explained that he was certain that the Egyptians had been the first to fire.

With breaking point reached, a force was in this case apparently standing by, ready to strike back hard if the patrol was attacked, and not in the normal way which apparently only encouraged the repeated Egyptian attacks from the comparative safety of their fortified positions, inaccessible because of the demarcation line. The Commander of this reserve force, called up when the patrol was attacked, acted in the spirit which is instilled into the Israeli Army during all its training to prepare it to withstand Arab invasion—when attacked, strike back hard and deep into the enemy's territory. If the Egyptians now decide that their policy is not worth while, it is to be hoped that they will take steps similar to those taken by Jordan (since relaxed but now perhaps once again renewed) after Kibya and Nahhalin, which cut down the incidence of criminal attacks and infiltration into Israel to less than a tenth of what they had been before, and enabled Israel to embark on a policy of total abstention from retaliation for the continuing acts of infiltration and minor aggression.

To sum up, the Gaza clash was the unfortunate but inevitable result of a situation created locally by the Egyptians and generally by a Western policy of arming the Arabs and ignoring Israel, forcing her into dangerous isolation. If the "remedy" of the Western Powers will be to condemn the incident and ignore the situation which created it, things will go from bad to worse. If the incident is deplored—as it must be by all right-thinking people—but steps are taken to move along the path to a real settlement in the Middle East, and the maintenance of a healthy balance within it until this aim is achieved, then the world's statesmen will have shown themselves to have learnt from history by not repeating the mistakes made after Kibya, and to have advanced in understanding Middle East realities.

G.H.Q., Jerusalem. SHAUL RAMATI

MENTAL DEFICIENCY

SIR,—I was sorry to see a paragraph of London Diary devoted to fostering the common delusion that mental defectives are retained in institutions solely to provide a source of cheap labour. Apart from the legal safeguards which, though capable of improvement, are considerable, the whole pressure on mental deficiency hospitals is to discharge patients who can safely return to the community outside. The high degree of overcrowding, often more than 25 per cent. above approved capacity, and the large number of urgent cases awaiting admission, are stimuli in the direction of discharge or release on licence rather than unnecessary detention.

In almost every mental deficiency hospital there are acute staffing problems, nursing, domestic and often medical. They are unlikely to disappear while full employment continues, even with much-needed improvements in pay and conditions. After all, there are pleasanter environments in which to work. Is it then wrong, as Flavus seems to suggest, that most patients who can help to look after themselves and each other, while unsuitable for occupational training, should do so? Anyone who has seen mental patients, physically able, sitting around in complete idleness must agree that almost any kind of activity is preferable. Flavus may scoff at the idea that "peeling potatoes is good for you," but for those who cannot be trained for more constructive work it is surely better than doing nothing.

There is a simple explanation of the wide differences in costs per patient as between the general hospital and the mental deficiency hospital. Compared with general hospital patients, mental defectives require far less medical attention or skilled nursing, and the number of doctors and nurses per 100 beds is therefore much less in the mental deficiency hospital. It is untrue to suggest that a high proportion of defectives are bedfast. The figure in a typical hospital near London is about 5 per cent. Medical and nursing salaries, being easily the largest factor in hospital costs, account for the bulk of the difference mentioned.

Our mental deficiency services fall short in many respects of the standard we would wish, and doubtless the Royal Commission will recommend changes in the law that are overdue. I do not deny that patients who might safely be discharged are sometimes retained in hospital through an excess of caution on the part of the authorities. But it is an injustice to those who carry out the difficult and unrewarding task of caring for defectives to suggest, without evidence, that patients are systematically detained because of the value of their services to the hospital.

KENNETH ROBINSON

House of Commons.

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM

SIR,—As a result of Professor Cole's articles in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of January 15 and 22, a small group of people from among those who have written to him met in London a few days ago.

At this meeting it was decided that an attempt should be made to form a World Order of Socialists and that (quoting from Professor Cole's final article) "in such a programme peace and international friendship and therewith international 'war on want,' and a wide toleration of varying democratic 'ways of life' would take the leading place. For the rest, the crusaders themselves would need to be definite, keeping it broad and simple, and rejecting every attempt to impose a rigid dogmatism, either of ideology or of positive prescription of method."

I hope that publication of this letter will encourage those people all over the world who find themselves basically in agreement with these articles and who are prepared to take an active part in the formation and extension of a world order of Socialists, to write to me at 11 Spring Street, London, W.2, so that they may meet the members of the present nucleus if they live in London, or so that they may be put in touch with each other, and form affiliated groups among themselves if they live elsewhere. It would be appreciated if those who reply would give their telephone numbers wherever possible and enclose stamped addressed envelopes.

JOHN RODDAM

TWO NATIONS IN SCHOOL

SIR,—Like most writers on the relationship between the publicly maintained schools and the independent schools, Lady Simon concentrates on the secondary stage. It is, however, at the primary stage that there is the greatest opportunity for creating a unified system; many, if not most, middle-class parents would be glad to send their children to the local maintained school, if only certain much-needed improvements could be brought about.

Above all, smaller classes must be provided. It is utterly impossible for one teacher to manage satisfactorily forty or fifty children, particularly when they still require help with tying their shoelaces and buttoning their coats. One way in which the size of classes could be reduced at once would be to make a big drive to recruit more married and retired teachers on a part-time basis. They could if necessary be supplemented by uncertificated assistants, who would help the children with reading and writing, as is done in private schools.

Another reform, which would make the infants' schools more attractive to middle-class parents, would be for attendance in the afternoons to be optional. Some parents prefer to send their children to school only in the mornings, as they are permitted to do at private schools. Why should this liberty not be extended to State schools? Many children of five to seven years find the whole day at school excessively tiring and develop a multitude of ailments. They would do quite as well at school if they were fitter and fresher, but attended for fewer hours. Others find the transition from a quiet relatively unregulated life at home to a large noisy community, where they have to follow the common pursuits, a big emotional disturbance. There are undoubtedly a number of parents who send their children to private schools solely in order to avoid a full day at school.

Cannot some progress towards equality of opportunity in education at the primary stage be made upon these lines?

JENNIFER JENKINS

33 Ladbroke Square,
London, W.11.

SIR,—K. M. Knowles pleads very specially for two sorts of education in order that the abstemious parent, as opposed to the prodigal parent, may reap the reward of virtue and be able to send his child to

just reprinted

The most widely discussed book on British politics in a decade.

R. T. McKENZIE

BRITISH POLITICAL PARTIES

"From now onward, McKenzie is the classical reference for the study of the British political system . . . an encyclopædic work of historical and organizational reference as well as a study in political thought. Remarkable in its analysis of the nature of power, it is at the same time a brilliantly evocative account of the struggle for that power by the politicians of the last fifty years . . . Mr. McKenzie's book towers in its fresh and untiring scholarship and the clarity of its judgments."

The Times Literary Supplement.

"A thorough, objective, fascinating account of the nature of party leadership in modern Britain. Every local party and discussion group should own and study it."
—TOM DRIBERG, M.P., in *Reynolds News.*

640 pages 30s net

HEINEMANN

FLAMINGO FEATHER

LAURENS VAN DER POST

'An adventure story in the Buchan tradition . . . distinguished by the same almost mystical feeling for Africa and the Africans as was revealed in *Venture to the Interior*. On one level it is **exciting**, straightforward and **enjoyable**; on another it is **uplifting**.' *Times*

'Its engrossing drama . . . the narrative sweep and the feeling behind it make *Flamingo Feather* **a noble entertainment.**' *Sunday Times*

'Lovely, lively prose.' *Observer*

12s 6d

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

ANTHONY BLOOMFIELD

'The most magnificent first novel I have ever read.' *S.P.B. Mais*

'A remarkably accomplished performance . . . his talent is **mesmerising.**' *John Davenport*

'Bears the distinguishing hall-mark (of the true artist).' *J. W. Lambert*

12s 6d

I WAS A STRANGER

MARTIN MEWBURN

'Has a touching quality of earnestness, innocence, ingenuousness, honesty and truth that **makes one come back to it over and over again** with something between exasperation, amusement, affection, and a sincere if grudging admiration.' *Seán O'Faoláin*

12s 6d

HOGARTH PRESS

a private school. But apart from the question of whether it is proper that the sins of the father should descend upon the child, surely Mr. Knowles's case would only hold if we had equality of income. I have yet to meet an advocate of private education who wants that—yet without it there cannot be equality of responsibility.

Within our social framework incomes can range from tiny to great. For most working people a private education is far above their means however much they might want it for their children, and it is unfair to overlook that it is money and not virtue which decides this.

All too often those who rail against the idea of equal education chances confine their argument to a comparison between two sets of parents of similar income. They forget the majority with less; they gloss over those who, without any scraping or sacrifice, can afford not merely private education for their children, but cigars, wines and horses for themselves.

I have still to see a just case for the retention of private schools. And, furthermore, I think it is time we analysed precisely what are the qualities that make for superiority of one sort of school over another. Is the product of the "better" school a more balanced person? Is he less bigoted, more kindly? Is his mind widened beyond the sectional interests of class and nation? Is he compassionate to the weak? Does he want to share with all mankind the benefits of his time? Is he happier?

Perhaps the most rewarding sacrifice of all that parents could make for their children, for all children, is the giving up not of material things but of outmoded concepts.

P. K. MARES.

104 Castelnau, S.W.13.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN COURT

SIR,—The Bill to raise the number of judges in the Appeal Division of the South African Supreme Court, and to be introduced by Mr. Swart, the Minister of Justice, comes as no shock to those who know the Nationalist policy of the Union. It is implicit in the pattern of life which Afrikaanderdom set for itself many years ago. We shall see that the new judges will be Nationalists bearing Afrikaander names. But "packing" is no new device. I well remember how Oswald Pirow—a previous Minister of Justice, but then a barrister—in defending a farmer against a charge of murder of a Native, challenged every member of the jury bearing an English name, until the jury consisted of anti-native Nationalists.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have no need to remind you that never in the history of South Africa has a White man suffered capital punishment for the death of a kaffir." Pirow was rebuked by Judge Solomons, and the jury charged not to heed this remark. But the verdict was that of common assault! This happened 30 years ago at Bethal in the Transvaal, where, later on, Michael Scott was saved from assassination by white men at the intervention of the police.

J. C. ADAMS

The Vicarage, Hampton-in-Arden.

PAUL CLAUDEL

SIR,—I am amazed to find Alexander Werth in this galley. With much that he now writes I would agree: a little more and Claudel need not be involved at all. But Mr. Werth originally wrote, "Claudel was Vichy," and he still identifies him with a Vichyite French Academy. In fact, Claudel was not in the Academy during the Occupation. His candidature failed in 1935, when one might have thought that anti-Popular Front feeling among "reactionaries" would have led them to strengthen their ranks. He was at last elected in 1946, at the height of the anti-Vichy purge. After all, it does not seem that the French themselves took the *Ode to Pétain* very seriously.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

SIR,—I am rather surprised that Mr. Spender and Mr. Fraser should take exception to your excellent notice of Paul Claudel's funeral, which made it fairly clear that Claudel had been given a State burial not because, inexplicably, a country actually so much honoured a poet, but because he was a State stooge. I don't remember hearing that Paul Eluard, whom some consider to be no worse a poet than Claudel, was given a State funeral. It is interesting, too, that both Mr. Spender and Mr. Fraser bring up the case of Wordsworth, another man who in his way turned his back on poetry in order to serve another mistress. The only surprising thing is that they seem to be apologising for him, too. The moral seems to be that those who try to teach the next generation how to profit from split-mindedness are apt to suffer a double fate: first to die and then to be buried by the State.

TOM SCOTT

50 St. Leonards Street, Edinburgh.

SIR,—Surely the last word on the controversy over Claudel was said by Auden fifteen years ago:

> Time that is intolerant
> Of the brave and innocent,
> And indifferent in a week
> To a beautiful physique,
>
> Worships language and forgives
> Everyone by whom it lives;
> Pardons cowardice, conceit,
> Lays its honours at their feet.
>
> Time that with this strange excuse
> Pardoned Kipling and his views,
> And will pardon Paul Claudel,
> Pardons him for writing well.
>
> —from *In Memory of W. B. Yeats.*

JOYCE SANDERSON

GUTTUSO

SIR,—Mr. Berger is no doubt wise to speak so much of Guttuso's identification with the vigour of a class, and so little of his pictures. In the pictures certain characteristics are visible which people of various loyalties are accustomed to regard as anti-human. In particular, there is an ambiguity in the artist's attitude to violence: the pictures give us many grounds to doubt whether the emotion to which the violence gives rise is one of sympathy for its victims. The sincerity of Guttuso's political self-identification need not be questioned. To it this very element in his work may perhaps be traced. It is (as they say) no accident that the ambiguity of Guttuso's standpoint is, at root, exactly that equivocation which convicts Communism of treachery to the human values for which it speaks.

LAWRENCE GOWING

SARAGAT'S BETRAYAL

SIR,—Your Rome correspondent states in THE NEW STATESMAN of March 12 that "Social Democrats . . . have asked for a special party congress to protest against Saragat's "betrayal" of the party by accepting the Scelba land compromise."

The fact is that by 17 votes to 4, the P.S.D.I. Executive ratified the "compromise" proposals of the Council of Ministers on the land lease contracts. The "betrayal" as well as the request for a special party conference seems, therefore, to be only a product of your correspondent's fertile imagination.

PAOLO TREVES

Ministry of Foreign Trade,
Rome.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF HUNGER

SIR,—Sir Walter Elliott refers to the author of that excellent book *Geography of Hunger* as a "Portuguese gentleman from Brazil, a high official under the United Nations"; and to his "passionate contention that Portuguese rule . . . had been an undiluted blessing to other races. . . ." I do not know of one single sentence in the book to this effect. Indeed, the only references to Portuguese rule are critical. Dr. Josue de Castro, its distinguished author, is a Brazilian, born, bred and educated in Brazil, a Professor of Physiology and head of the Nutrition Laboratory of the University of Brazil. He was and is a nominated candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize.

LESLIE HALE

BOOKS IN GENERAL *REASSESSMENTS*

Moore's Principia Ethica

PHILOSOPHY is in some respects more like an art than a science. Its history is rather a succession of styles than a series of discoveries. Each great philosopher introduces a new style of thought into the same abstract discussion. From the first pages of his work we find that we are moving along new channels of thought from a new starting-point. After fifty years *Principia Ethica* still appears as the first work which clearly belongs to contemporary British philosophy. Not only has it become a classic of the subject, alongside Hume and Mill, but it is alive and is continuously considered on its own terms. I cannot, therefore, pretend to a retrospective tone in writing of it as something re-discovered; it is always before anyone now thinking of moral philosophy, and the difficulty is to recapture the difference it originally made.

In 1903 the syntax of plain assertion, always the strength of British empiricism, was running out, and Mill and Bain were beginning to seem crude and thin. The cloudy metaphors of German idealism were becoming the natural language in which to present the relations between mind and matter, man and society. Moore changed this abruptly. In *Principia Ethica*, as elsewhere, he is the philosopher of direct and literal assertion, although his assertions are always carefully qualified. He simply pointed to a fact of language, obvious but easily overlooked; and then, in a style at once unnaturally clear and unnaturally cautious, he pointed to the wider implications of this fact, as undermining most previous philosophies.

The fact indicated is that the word "good" cannot be defined in terms of any natural characteristics; for, whatever natural characteristics are chosen, it will always make sense to ask whether anything possessing these characteristics is good. The fact that this question always makes sense is sufficient to show that no natural characteristics enter into the definition of goodness. The argument is startlingly simple and involves only one step, but it still seems conclusive, and it was revolutionary. Most moral philosophers, and particularly the Utilitarians, had represented their belief that only pleasure, or happiness, are good as some discovery about the meaning of the word "good." But the fact that they can informatively say "Pleasure, and pleasure alone, is good", in itself shows that "pleasant" and "good" do not coincide, or overlap, in meaning. Hence neither utilitarianism, nor any other moral theory, can be founded on an analysis of the meaning of words; some positive, non-verbal affirmation is needed.

I have represented Professor Moore as having made an important discovery about the meaning of the word "good", and this is the force of his argument, as it presents itself to many philosophers now. So much certainly survives, clear and unrefuted. But in *Principia Ethica* Moore claimed to have shown not only that the word "good" is indefinable, but also that goodness is a simple, non-natural quality which we somehow directly apprehend. Here is the first difference which the last fifty years of British philosophy have made, and not least the later work of Moore himself. In 1903 it was natural to assume that any such discovery about the use and meaning of an adjective must be a discovery about the nature of the quality for which the adjective stands; if "good" is an indefinable word, then goodness must be a simple quality. The transition may seem harmless, a matter of terminology merely, but it had larger consequences. For in the later chapters of the book Moore goes on to decide, by the power of reflection alone, where this non-natural quality is to be found in states of affairs in the universe. By the inner eye of reflection he sees that it is always to be found in conjunction with personal affection and with the enjoyment of beautiful objects; and, when logical confusions are removed, he was sure that anyone who reflects must necessarily see the same. This is the famous secular morality which replaced, in the early beliefs of Keynes and of others, Bentham's and Mill's more humdrum conceptions of welfare. There are certain states of mind which we can see to be intrinsically good, and they fall under these two principal headings. Here dissent begins. It now seems that Moore misrepresented the true force of his own negative argument; for he states a positive moral doctrine as evident to any clear-sighted man in the light of reflection alone; and yet his own negative conclusions about the word "good" seem to preclude any such positive claims to knowledge in these general moral terms. Here is one point of difference between philosophy now and philosophy in 1903. In re-reading Moore's book once again, I was more than ever amazed by the downrightness of assertion, the confident ring of philosophy still freely pronouncing. Today philosophy may question and suggest, but it certainly does not pronounce. What has made the difference?

It is sometimes said that in recent years philosophers in England have turned away from discussions of the nature of reality towards discussions of the meanings of words. This is untrue; indeed it is almost the opposite of the truth. When I represent Moore's enduring discovery as a discovery about this single word "good", I do not mean that he added something new to the dictionary, or that he noticed some neglected feature in English usage. I mean that he noticed the difference between two human activities, each involving the use of similar forms of words: first, the activity of identifying and describing things and states of affairs, and, secondly, the activity of recommending them as ends of action. This distinction is not perfectly reflected in the grammar and vocabulary of our language; like all other philosophically important distinctions, it has to be seen through, or beneath, the actual idioms of speech. The word "good" has the same grammatical status as any other adjective, but the intention behind its use is altogether unique. If we take the surface of language too seriously, as I think Moore did, we will assume that the adjective "good" must stand for a non-natural quality, as the adjective "yellow" stands for a natural quality. Then it will seem that we must be able to see, by intuition or the inner eye, what states of affairs are good and what are not good, as we can see by the physical eye what things are yellow and what things are not yellow. And then moral conflict becomes unintelligible, and the nature and source of ultimate moral differences cannot be presented as they actually occur. We will have discarded Moore's original insight—that to describe a state of affairs is never equivalent to saying that this state of affairs ought to be brought into existence. If we did use the word "good" in such a way that goodness was as directly identifiable as yellowness, we should only need another word for saying that goodness ought to be brought into existence.

In all this, it is not the mere forms of words which interest philosophers now, but the intention which constantly goes with the use of them. These constant intentions are fixed by the human situation, independently of any particular forms of language that may imperfectly reflect them. We have to identify and describe things, persons and their states of mind, and we have to decide what we ought to do about them. These requirements are both unavoidable, and are unavoidably different. We cannot do the two things at once without confusing our intention and meaning; and this impossibility is not fixed by the conventions of language itself. A philosopher is (among other things) a man who wants to penetrate to those most radical differences of intention which lie beneath any particular grammar and any particular language. This is no less, and no more true, of Aristotle and of Kant than of those who are now developing the suggestions of Moore and Wittgenstein. Anyone who complains that philosophy is degenerating into the classification of words and sentences must have forgotten to read Aristotle together with every other philosopher who has looked through language for the dividing categories of thought. Good and Bad, Same and Different, Like and Unlike, Symbol and Meaning—these are some of the notions which divide thought into its different types and therefore have always engaged philosophers.

In 1903 Moore found a new way to show the difference between judgments of good and bad and judgments of another kind. If it now seems, in the light of later philosophy, that he still neglected some large part of this difference, it is because he does not stress the difference of circumstance and intention between a man who is thinking what to do and a man who is wondering how to describe what he sees. He follows the mere form of words, the surface of the language, too closely. He therefore makes the choice of ends seem a matter of clear contemplation, as one sits in an armchair with only abstract words before one. He ignores the natural setting in which judgments of good and bad are made, when we are giving reasons for preferring one course of action to another. If we are asked to reflect on the ultimate reasons generally leading us to prefer one course of action to another, these phrases "Personal Affection" and "Aesthetic Emotion" may

certainly suggest themselves. But the mere words, with their essential vagueness, carry with them no authority and no power of conviction; they are too far removed from the personal complexities of an actual situation of choice. When, in the famous chapter on Ideal Morality, Moore weighs these abstractions against each other, as representing the elements of an ideal world, the type of thought which must actually guide action has altogether dropped from view and a setting of pure contemplation has been proposed in its place. So the typical and peculiar difficulties are not there to be seen.

In any personal or political decision there is a knot of particular reasons influencing action which cannot be unravelled into this tidy pattern of calculating the best means to some evident ideal ends. Situations present themselves, successive, many-sided and doubtful, and any line of action chosen will lead into a new situation, equally compounded of elements to be judged good and bad in some uncharted arrangement. Through the wars and revolutions of the last fifty years philosophers could not ignore this natural setting of decision and moral argument, and could not therefore ignore the emptiness of abstract formulæ as they are applied to the needs and feelings of particular men in particular situations. Any abstract statement of ends can be founded only on direct experience of serious situations, and of the decisions made within them, and it must always be tested again by this continuing experience.

Moore's rounded and final statement of ends now looks like the old assumption that human nature is already fixed and made, and allows no suggestion that it is always being changed and even re-made, by action in society. The year 1903 was before social anthropology, before the understanding of Marx, before the study of changing forms of art as expressing changing human ideals, and, above all, before the full, frightening spectacle of human nature being purposefully changed by political action. The argument of French existentialism has been a shrill protest against any unpolitical morality, which supposes that the choice of ends can be made in advance of the necessities of decision in confused situations, with politics only the means to a private life already chosen for us by some timeless intuition; it represents the political decisions made in favour of one kind of society rather than another as being themselves the recognition of ends. It is at once the greatness and the eccentricity of *Principia Ethica* that politics and history are scarcely mentioned in its pages: its greatness as a statement of an entirely liberal morality. For Liberalism is the doctrine that all political arrangements should be only the scaffolding to protect private life. This seems to me to be right, as do almost all the other "fundamental intuitions" of *Principia Ethica*. In Keynes's words, "I see no reason to shift from them," if one was ever deeply influenced by a first reading of this great book. But the relation between politics and morality cannot now be so simply stated, by a high, splendid omission. The problem for Socialists —or for those who think that Socialism must be this old Liberalism more historically conceived—is to re-state Moore's intuitions: and not as intuitions

STUART HAMPSHIRE

The Lost Jewel

Who on your breast pillows his head now,
Jubilant to have won
The heart beneath on fire for him alone,

At dawn will hear you, plagued by nightmare,
Mumble and weep
About some blue jewel you were sworn to keep.

Wake, blink, laugh out in reassurance,
Yet your tears will say:
'It was not mine to lose or give away.

'For love it shone—never for the madness
Of a strange bed—
Light on my finger, fortune in my head.'

Roused by your naked grief and beauty,
For lust he will burn:
'Turn to me, sweetheart! Why do you not turn?'

ROBERT GRAVES

Self-made Woman

The Memoirs of Catherine the Great. Edited by DOMINIQUE MAROGER. Translated by MOURA BUDBERG. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s.*

"I could not bear inspiring anyone with pity." That is Catherine's last word, though she said it by the way in these unfinished memoirs, not in the epitaph she later drew up for herself. It is the motto of a self-made woman who knew what she wanted, got it, and in spite of severe trials enjoyed it. Catherine is frank about this. When she came to Russia at 15 as the bride of the Grand-Duke Peter—the Empress Elizabeth's nephew and inadequate heir—she formed part of the strategic export trade in German princelings. At once she decided "(1) to please the Grand-Duke, (2) to please the Empress, (3) to please the nation"; and she "personally neglected nothing in my desire to achieve these things, from 1744 to 1761." At the end of the seventeen years' apprenticeship the Empress died; six months later Catherine overthrew her husband and very likely connived at his murder.

She began symbolically by changing her Christian name; she embraced Orthodoxy; she attended to trifles, even to such trifles as the Russians' notion that taking a bath on Lady Day was sacrilegious, for "there are many more minds susceptible to trifles than there are sensible people to despise them." Meanwhile "hope for the Crown, not of the celestial order but very much on earth, sustained my spirit and courage." At last the professional ruler, self-trained, points out without too much vanity how well she got to know the ropes.

So she did; and they were slippery ropes. She did not get on with her husband: he was, she says, childish and for many years impotent (with her if not with other women). She was bullied and spied upon by attendants who came and went at the Empress's whim. She could get no news of her children except on the sly. She could not write letters without permission. So she learnt to pocket up letters slipped into her hand by a visiting Knight of Malta or else to send them through a faithful maid:

> During the day I carried the letter in my pocket. When I undressed I pushed it under my garter into my stocking and before getting into bed pulled it out and hid it in my sleeve; I dared not leave it in my pockets for fear of their being searched. The girl could only speak freely to me when I was on my commode.

Much of this was the normal practice of a state where the heir to the throne might, on the Empress's death, have to get out of his rooms by a window. All the same Catherine was not quite so put upon as she makes out. She rings true when she says Peter bored her; but her harping on his folly sounds (as Dr. G. P. Gooch points out in his introduction) like a plea that she simply had to put him out of the way. If she was spied upon that was partly because she herself was mixed up in intrigues, first with Prussia and then with England. Her account of the manœuvres that led to the Seven Years' War is, for good reasons, neither full nor frank. Then, for all the unpleasantness, she seems on the whole to have enjoyed her dangerous training. She had a right to be miserable, and she had a right to be glad of her nickname *Madame la Ressource*. But at times none of this activity seems to matter—not even her enlightened reading of the classics, Latin or French—except as a means of exercising the power of her mind and will. The one moral she points is the survival of the fittest. But then she was the fittest.

Hence the clear-headed egoist is no great shakes as a chronicler or a writer of "portraits." She has not Saint-Simon's passionate interest in other people for their own sake. Only Peter and the Empress come alive, even then dubiously. When she comes to her lovers she is frank not so much about them as about her own feelings. She needed love and says simply that it would have been inhuman to resist temptation. "I never believed myself to be very beautiful. I had charm and that, I think, was my strength." It is all normal and accounted for. As for the Court, she gives us a good deal of the usual discomfort and grotesquerie—the draughts, the tooth-pullings, the chaotic confinements—but they were common form. There is something of the specifically Russian eighteenth century in the houses that fall down a few months after they have been run up, in the theatricals that go on for seven hours; but not much. Catherine gives no coherent picture of Russian society or government or indeed of anything except the progress of her own manifest destiny.

Partly this is because she wrote her memoirs in bits, and the main fragment breaks off two years before her accession. Here it is pieced out with shorter documents of her later years, among them Orlov's sinister notes foreshadowing Peter III's death ("an unexpected colic"). This is not the first edition in this country: Herzen's came out in 1859 and Katherine Anthony's American translation (of fewer and sometimes different documents) in 1927. Mlle Maroger's notes, especially on the Seven Years' War, can be bewildering; by a slip she makes it look as though Russia and Prussia were allies when in fact they were enemies. The translation is readable and good; but the transliteration of Russian names is sometimes erratic, and the pretty "thumbnail's worth of soil" sounds (I cannot get at the original) very like a prosaic *pouce* or inch of ground.

JOHN ROSSELLI

Cybernetics

Minds and Machines. By W. SLUCKIN. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

The term *cybernetics* is best known as the title of an arresting book written by Norbert Wiener and published in 1949. By cybernetics, Wiener had in mind the whole field of control and communication theory, whether in the animal or the machine. Historically, the machine came first; the animal followed as a brilliant afterthought. Cybernetics may indeed be viewed as the intellectual child of electronics—a branch of technology which has produced not only the spectacular "giant brains" of the modern mathematical laboratory but the whole range of automatic control procedures which some believe to threaten our civilisation with a new industrial revolution. Although cybernetics clearly had its origins in the physical sciences, it soon became clear that certain of its principles might have important application to biology. It has long been conventional to treat organisms—from some points of view, at least—as self-regulating systems, and it is not altogether fanciful to suppose that Nature, in designing them, has made some use of principles independently evolved by *Homo Faber*. At all events, no harm is done by taking the analogy seriously, so long as it is borne in mind that analogies are notoriously perilous.

Summa 15

In the hands of the famous Olivetti designers, the Summa 15 - a hand-operated, adding/listing machine of reduced size has all the up-to-date features of the most advanced machines.

Its range of performance has not been allowed to be restricted by size. In addition, it has a simplicity of control and a sturdiness of construction that make it easy to operate and capable of the hardest work.

Hand-operated
Capacity 10/11 columns
Automatically prints proof of its operations
Operates both in sterling and whole numbers
Direct subtraction and credit balance

British Olivetti Ltd.
10 Berkeley Square - London W. 1
Sales Branches:
London - 32/34 Worship Street, E. C. 2.
Glasgow - 115/207 Summerlee Street, E. 3.
Authorized dealers throughout the country

olivetti

The impact of cybernetics on biology is usually held to date from 1943, when Rosenblueth, Wiener and Bigelow—doctor, mathematician and engineer respectively—published an important paper entitled "Behaviour, Purpose and Teleology." Broadly, their thesis was that purposive behaviour in animals is explicable in mechanistic terms if—and only if—the machine we have in mind for our model is the self-regulating system (or servomechanism) of the communications engineer. Servomechanisms, they argued, undeniably manifest purpose in the sense in which the term has traditionally been used in biology. For instance, just as an anti-aircraft gun, in aiming at a moving target, aims not at the present but at a calculated future position of the target, so the cat pursuing a mouse runs not towards its actual position but towards where it is likely to be a few seconds hence. In both cases, it is legitimate to hold that the behaviour is directed by future no less than by present considerations, *i.e.*, that it shows "adaptive foresight." If this analogy be granted, it is not too difficult to advance to the more radical position that the nervous mechanisms governing adaptive activity in the animal are open to description in terms of the known, man-made servomechanisms incorporated in the anti-aircraft gun. At all events, scientists such as McCulloch, Ashby and Grey Walter were quick to pounce on this idea and the "new look" in neurology was born. Although fashions pass, it appears likely that some part, at least, of their work will remain as a permanent contribution to neurology.

It is plain that biologists have been attracted—and in some cases seduced—by the cybernetic Siren. It is the psychologist, however, who has responded most wholeheartedly to her austere charms. Always troubled by lurking doubts as to his scientific respectability, the psychologist has seen in cybernetics prospects of intellectual habilitation beyond his wildest dreams. What, after all, could be more thoroughly reputable than the thermionic valve amplifier? But there is more to the story than this. As early as 1943, Kenneth Craik, a young Cambridge psychologist who had nothing to fear from physics, was engaged in constructing a brilliant theory of the human operator as an element in control systems. It was clear to Craik, as to many after him, that many aspects of human response, especially in skilled movement, are capable of description (and ultimately mathematical formulation) in the language of servomechanisms. Although Craik did not live long enough to see his idea through, the impulse which he imparted to psychology remains and has already given promise of important advance.

Mr. Sluckin, who is an engineer turned psychologist, has written a clear, modest and pleasing account of the field of cybernetics, with special reference to its applications in psychology. He outlines the basic principles of communication and control systems with great ease and assurance, though one must regret that his presentation is so compressed as to be difficult to follow and is most unfortunately marred by continual and annoying errors of detail. For instance, several of the diagrams purporting to illustrate computing and control systems are so over-simplified as to be virtually useless, if not misleading, to the uninformed reader. In one case, indeed, the present reviewer has been assured by an expert colleague that the circuit depicted could not possibly work in the manner described in the text. There are also historical slips: Babbage's conception of a sequence-controlled digital computer was no mere "dream"; in fact, the machine was very nearly completed and bits of it may still be seen in the South Kensington Science Museum.

The account given of the place of cybernetics in psychology (which occupies the bulk of the book) will arouse great interest even if it does not entirely succeed in conveying the freshness and promise of the new approach. That this is so is certainly not due to lack of knowledge; indeed, few could have succeeded better in packing so much technical information—much of it very recent—into so restricted a compass. Rather does it appear to derive from the author's lack of experience in empirical research in the relevant biological disciplines. Thus the account given of the "scanning hypothesis" of visual perception is not only lacking in any real sense of physiological fact but fails entirely to do justice to the many and serious objections disclosed by recent electrophysiological studies. There is also a certain want of judgment in appraising the relative fruitfulness of the various lines of inquiry under review. Thus many will think that the treatment accorded to Ross Ashby and Grey Walter is too generous, whereas little or no reference is made to the ideas of several more plausible, if less spectacular, pioneers. Hick, for instance, has made a real attempt to apply information theory not to psychology in general but to the concrete results of experiment in a limited field of human performance. In the long run, one may surmise, cybernetics will stand or fall not as a philosophy of the organism but as a way of looking at particular empirical issues. And it will be judged not by its doctrine but by its fruitfulness in promoting hard-headed, well-controlled experiment in the realm of mind.

Mr. Sluckin deals sensibly and well with those semi-philosophical issues which have occasioned a good deal of disquiet among thinking people in recent years. Although the basic analogy which he has drawn between minds and machines is not altogether free from objection, the analogy itself is handled throughout with circumspection and restraint. In particular, it is good to see the reader referred not to the scientist but to the analytical philosopher for help in sorting out his metaphysical perplexities. As Mr. Sluckin rightly points out, it is quite foolish to assert that robots think, and equally foolish to assert that they do not. "Machines can and do think in *some* senses of the word, and cannot and do not think in other senses." It is to Mr. Sluckin's eternal credit as a psychologist that he regards these latter senses as at least as important as the former.

O. L. ZANGWILL

Fair Youth or Dark Lady?

The Mutual Flame. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

One reason why there is even less good writing on Shakespeare's sonnets than on his plays is that the uncertainties of fact are here peculiarly frustrating. We don't know within a decade when they were written, or to whom they are addressed (speculation ranges from noblemen-patrons to boy actors), or in what general sense—courtly-conventional, autobiographical, quasi-dramatic, and so on—we are meant to take them. And there is the very great difficulty of their language which helps to account for the muffled and incompetent tone of much work on the sonnets and for the safety-first policy adopted by critics aware that they are studying a great writer—if in doubt, overrate.

The language difficulties may be partly due to a deliberate guardedness over the homosexual theme; we cannot be sure that the attitude to these things in Shakespeare's time was as liberal as some people assume and certainly in 1640 we find an editor anxious to tamper with genders. Mr. Wilson Knight himself connects these difficulties with the nature of the theme, but not primarily in terms of any narrow personal embarrassment Shakespeare may have felt about his love affair's publicity. He believes that the theme of the sonnets and of *The Phœnix and the Turtle* is the theme of Shakespeare's life work seen in extension through the plays and here epitomised, so we can unearth his thoughts on the central issues of life and death. And especially on love.

This doesn't mean that the sonnets were written early (say by 1590, as Samuel Butler argued in the last century and Lord Alfred Douglas and Dr. Hotson in this) as a preliminary outlining of Shakespeare's dramatic interests; or that they were written late and are to be read as side-comments on the mature tragedies. It means that they are bound by the closest imaginative ties to the main body of the plays and that they provide us with a kind of summary of Shakespeare's genius.

Here I would like to make a distinction. As an account of Shakespeare this book must be put alongside Mr. Wilson Knight's earlier volumes of Shakespearian criticism. As a meditation on the universal nature of genius it stems from his growing interest in Nietzsche and his attempts (for example in *Christ and Nietzsche* and his studies of Pope and Byron) to find a pattern of strength-with-grace, bisexual superman-integration and so forth, inside all great literature. Regarding Shakespeare, it still needs to be said that Mr. Wilson Knight's work has no rival since Coleridge's lectures in vitality of idea and in the power to influence the writing of lesser men everywhere. *The Mutual Flame* is slighter in some ways than its predecessors, particularly *The Wheel of Fire*; the main points have already been made and there are signs of hurry and of word-play taking the place of thought: "The creative consciousness is bisexual; otherwise there could be no creation." Even so, we still find a subtle exposing of relationships, a holding and development of them through the book—Shakespeare's horror of lust (this is the only adequate discussion I have met with of the contrasts between the Fair Youth sonnets and the Dark Lady sonnets), his concern with betrayal, his associating of the rational with the cynical. Most impressive is Mr. Wilson Knight's account of the double action of time, laying waste and yet restoring, establishing the Shakespearian give and take with its sane and charitable touch.

About Nietzsche and the rest I feel uneasy. Some sort of final integration must be imagined simply because art is not chaotic. But you may

Three Enchanting tales from China

A THOUSAND YEARS OLD

These stories, together with six others in the current issue of *Chinese Literature* (No. 1 1955), comprise a perfect blend of ancient and modern writing.

The first three tell of present-day People's China and of the struggle between old and new.

The next group of tales are taken from the Sung and Yuan Dynasties (960-1368 A.D.) and the last three stories were written in the '30's, before China's liberation. To complete this delightful edition there are four colour-plates, two of paintings by unknown artists of the Sung Dynasty.

1s. 6d. quarterly

4s. 6d. a year's subscription.

To Collet's Chinese Bookshop,
Dept. D., 40 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1
1s. 6d. for a single copy
I enclose _____
4s. 6d. year's subscription to
CHINESE LITERATURE
Name .....
Address .....
(NS) .....

look for it in vain in important cases. Dostoevsky was divided to the end, never more completely than in *The Brothers Karamazov*. And I distrust the emphasis on bisexuality. Mr. Wilson Knight frequently cites Shelley and Byron among the English Romantics; Keats and Wordsworth suggest a different picture. Moreover bisexuality, however we take the word, seems to have no necessary connection with the power to present women convincingly. Tolstoy was normally sexed—over-sexed in fact—but I don't know where in the world to find the equals of Anna, Dolly and Kitty, inside one book. If his higher soul-self was bisexual we know nothing about it apart from *Anna Karenina*, and I would rather see the novel discussed in other terms.

JOHN JONES

A Diversity of Lives

Clifton Lodge. By ETHEL, LADY THOMSON. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*
One Man In His Time. By N. M. BORODIN. *Constable.* 21*s.*
Memories and Reflections. By J. H. BADLEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*
First Interval. By DONALD WOLFIT. *Odhams.* 16*s.*

A batch of autobiography almost as bewilderingly diverse as life itself. An actor-manager, an educational pioneer, a Russian refugee, and the younger daughter of a younger son. The first three might seem to have the predominant claim on our attention; yet here, where it is the book not the life that matters, the dull have an equal chance with the adventurous. For sheer enjoyment, Lady Thomson's evocation of a late Victorian childhood takes, for me, pride of place.

Lady Thomson was one of four children who lived at the top of a largish Regency house outside York in the Eighties and Nineties. Their mother had a strong distaste for children, their father a complete disinterest, and while the social round suitable to extremely well-connected people of the period went on in the house below, four neglected children lived their starved lives out of sight and hearing upstairs, hideously dressed, nearly always cold, and nearly always hungry. Under the charge of a series of raw young governesses only slightly less fortunate than themselves. Poverty in the midst of plenty; but it is not Lady Thomson's idea to play on our pity, and the shadow of the hardships the children suffered does not lie heavy on her book. After a slow start she makes a fascinating patchwork quilt out of her impressions of the period derived from recollection, gossip and family anecdote. The family ramifications stretch wide, and grand relations are kinder than the parents. Perhaps the very starvation of the senses at Clifton Lodge sharpened and magnified the memories of a kinder world. Lady Thomson's is an artless book, but it gives us fascinating glimpses of the splendours and miseries alike of upper-class life before the Break-Up.

Dr. Borodin in *One Man in his Time* compresses the whole history of that break-up into one half life-time. His first recollections of his country are of the simple, comparatively primitive, traditional Cossack community into which he was born before 1914. War, revolution, famine, terror transformed it in ten years into an "advanced" modern state, that is, into a vast bureaucracy so police- and spy-ridden that eventually he took his chance to escape. The savagery of the Revolution and the horror of the famine made an education as tough as any that could be dreamt up, and the same kind of ingenuity and single-mindedness which he developed in childhood to find enough food, he used in adolescence to get the education which was no less a necessity for this boy. The student period is an effervescence of revolutionary hope and economic improvisation, the present a scramble for odd jobs and classes, the future, as it then seemed, boundless and immense. After the obligatory military service, a scientist found work easy to come by, and, being able and industrious, Dr. Borodin soon began to mount the ladder. But, alas, the higher the climb, the more dangerous; in such a society safety lies in anonymous mediocrity. Dr. Borodin fills out all too convincingly our picture of a police state, and this last part of his book makes dismal reading. His missions to America and England gathering information about penicillin were highly appreciated in Moscow, and that, in this world, was as good as a death sentence. From London he resigned his citizenship. "This decision," he writes, with the lack of rancour or partisanship which characterises his whole account, "was a move of instinctive self-preservation."

Memories and Reflections is by J. H. Badley, the founder of Bedales, and it will be of more particular interest to those associated with his life-work. It is written from the heights of age and achievement and to the outsider may seem a little tame. Mr. Badley's rebellion (in contradistinction to the current popular generalisations) was the product of a happy childhood; and indeed the desire to make school reflect something of the happiness and security of the best kind of family life is at the centre of his educational philosophy. The son of a doctor, he was himself educated at Rugby and Oxford and from there joined one of the pioneers of New Education, Reddie of Abbotsholme. Finding Reddie's anti-feminism and authoritarianism unsympathetic he broke away to found his own school. The New School Movement was, as we look back on it, an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary movement; Mr. Badley's contribution was the product of a sane and balanced personality who accepted much of the public school system, but wanted to infuse into it more sanity and more balance. It is part of its achievement that its main principles are now the accepted commonplaces of current practice. Mr. Badley surveys its history with a mellow calm, almost as if his ideas had never seemed, as once they must have done to the orthodox, insanely unbalanced.

Duckworth Books

Greenland

by **K. R. THERKILSEN**

This sumptuous volume includes 200 photographs of Greenland, with an introduction and captions to each picture printed in both Danish and English.

For strategic, economic and geographical reasons Greenland is coming more and more into the public eye, and this is the first available illustrated account of what life is like there, in the coastal settlements where alone human life exists at present. Only one sixth of Greenland is ice-free.

A country of pitiless hardships, disappointments and frustrations, it is yet one of fantastic beauty; poor and backward hitherto, it yet holds a world of brilliant promise for the future. *Demy 4to.* 30/- *net.*

Also available

Denmark—Places and People. 150 *Plates. Cr. 4to.* 21/- *net.*
Look at Norway. 170 *Plates. Cr. 4to.* 21/- *net.*
The Face of Sweden. 150 *Plates. Demy 4to.* 21/- *net.*
Sun'lit Spain. 182 *Plates. Cr. 4to.* 21/- *net*

3 Henrietta St. London W.C.2

Is parody a dying bourgeois art?

PUNCH's parodists penetrate the Iron Curtain with a four-page supplement that will appeal to all non-subscribers to Krokodil

PUNCH *and* KROKODIL

in the

PUNCH SPRING NUMBER

Out April 6 1/-

WARNING!

PUNCH takes no responsibility for consequences to Party Members caught laughing at the Krokodil supplement in public

The autobiographies of actors are all too predictable. They will largely consist of the record of triumphant parts, each hung with its garlands of respectful notices and enscrolled with the appreciation of understanding friends. Mr. Wolfit's *First Interval* does not entirely avoid this pattern, especially in the latter half. But the first part is of considerable interest. He was touring with a stock Shakespearean company before the wireless was universal, when every sizeable town boasted one theatre operating, and the large town had four or five. The Charles Doran company, to which he was apprenticed in youth, would play in the fifth. From Charles Doran he graduated to Fred Terry and then to Malcolm Keen. All this part is of great interest, for no one is more ready to appreciate the qualities of the old-fashioned actor-manager than Mr. Wolfit.

RICHARD LISTER

New Novels

Last Innocence. By CÉLIA BERTIN. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Woman of Florence. By FLORA VOLPINI. *Redman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Russian Roulette. By ANTHONY BLOOMFIELD. *Hogarth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Closely written (and closely printed; Mr. Gollancz must have the strongest eyesight, focus for age, of any publisher in London), *Lost Innocence*, which won the *Prix Renaudot* for 1953, demands to be closely read. The effort is worth making. This, though emphatically not a masterpiece, is deeper far than the average novel.

Mlle Bertin's chief characters are Mme Brigitte Touray and her daughter, Paule. Mme Touray, the widow of a distinguished modern poet, is a smart, darting, still sexy little blonde viper of fifty-odd. She lives quietly but comfortably in a villa on or just off the Riviera and has her married children to stay. They are Marie-Anne, or Maia, married to Etienne, a research chemist and a bit of an intellectual snob, attracted by his late father-in-law's fame; and Gilles, the dullish son, married to a nice insipid conventional person. Paule, the unmarried daughter, is tall and slouching, yet "in spite of her loutish affections her long brown hair, and the heaviness of her jaw . . . pretty." She was moderately active in the Resistance. Now she lives in a cottage in the mountains, keeps bees (Ligurians, no doubt) that sting like mad, and descends to the coast to dine at home and, as we presently discover, to sleep with her lover, a White Russian *litteratrice* named Wanda.

In the present, the crucial action consists of Etienne falling in love with Paule, and of Paule reciprocating; Mme Touray flirts momentarily with her son-in-law and makes some mischief; Maia takes an overdose of sleeping pills. It ends with Paule playing with the idea of suicide by drowning, then deciding to live as much for the sake of her own emancipation as for Etienne.

In the past, the submerged part of the iceberg, there are several complications. Most notable is the situation between Mme Touray and her husband. The poet, middle aged, had a young mistress; his wife broke up the liaison, though not until it threatened to lead to an elopement. And not only did the poet die but his younger daughter, Françoise, jumped out of a window. From such a summary a hideous impression of Mme Touray emerges; yet she in fact displays some interesting inconsistencies. Her children make their own doom and she is portrayed not so much as a viper-queen as a little twisting blindworm of fate, which is much more like reality. The writing is carefully detailed with good descriptions: the foetor of Antibes; the garlicky, wedding-cake cosiness of Nice; the blue-hot shimmer of the hills. Faults include not exactly prolixity but, rather, that over-stuffed quality, like a tightly filled pipe—this book doesn't draw well; you have to pull at it—also a tendency to vulgar hysteria: it is rubbish to write about "malignant obscenity" in the eyes of a rat. The father-poet is insufficiently felt. Significantly, the most striking single scene is the farewell between Paule and Wanda. Mlle Bertin seems to have missed the meaning of the emotional ambivalence that flows backwards and forwards, like an alternating current, between Paule and her mother, though she makes it all plain enough to the reader. The translation reads as if it was painstaking but uninspired.

The Woman of Florence, a best-seller in Italy, is Letizia, a middle-class juvenile delinquent, who, after becoming a small-part film-actress specialising in chambermaids, is kept by or lives with one man after another before, during and just after the war. The publishers in their blurb anticipate the suggestion that somebody has been trying to cash in on the success of Moravia's *La Romana*; but Signora Volpini's picaresque chronicle, told in the first person singular, has a naive artlessness that is curiously impressive. Letizia is a fairly commonplace little thing, but she is immensely articulate and in her earlier phase she behaves with that utterly regardless passion that so delighted Stendhal when he first encountered it in Italy. (Whatever, by the way, would Stendhal have made of D'Annunzio?) Later, she becomes increasingly depressed, less capable of love, driven by social compulsion, by habit rather than emotion. But she never quite degenerates into a total tart and she keeps her fire to the end. A similar chronicle of one of her English counterparts would be pretty dreary, no doubt, but Letizia can turn anything into drama: her slimming experiences—the Turkish Baths and the tortures of the waterless diet—are almost grand opera.

Russian Roulette is a promising young man's first novel which owes a good deal to Graham Greene. The scene is a northern seaside resort of unrelieved drabness. Mr. Bloomfield is a sedulous squalorologist; he notes the stain on the mackintosh, the lipstick on the draining board. Martin, a young clerk in the Corporation office, semi-engaged to a nice wistful girl, is suspected of murdering a tart with whom he has spent a tipsy hour. Carr, a heavily doomed, beery, middle-aged journalist, who talks a bit like an early Aldous Huxley character, becomes fascinated by Martin and tries to live, vicariously, as it were, through him. Some of the factual part is quite neatly handled with an oblique, throwaway touch. Suspicion against Martin drops, but Carr's obsession grows and ends in a burst of violence. I was not entirely convinced; but Mr. Bloomfield, though rather clumsy with his words, impresses me as a writer of concentrated industry.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

This Scepter'd Isle, Manhandled

Man and the Land. By L. DUDLEY STAMP. *Collins.* 25*s.*

Man now dominates the British scene and there are few places from which, on a moderately clear day, it is impossible to see his obvious handiwork. The manner in which this has come about is the theme of *Man and the Land* and it is dealt with briskly and logically. Nine chapters survey history in so far as it has affected land use. Then there are chapters about the introduction of crop plants, farm animals, fruit trees, forest trees and pests. The last third of the book is more political with chapters on the work of the Forestry Commission, the National Trust, the War Agricultural Executives and the various planning commissions and surveying bodies.

With so much material to cope with, Dr. Stamp cannot go into great detail. But he finds space in the chapters on plants and animals to discuss their origins, or supposed origins, and their merits or nuisance value in different parts of the country. These chapters are full of pleasing snippets of information, *e.g.*, that the red hair of the Tamworth pig may have come from an Indian pig imported in 1880 and that the Pilgrim Fathers may have reimported into U.S.A. the turkey for their first Thanksgiving dinner.

The main object of such a study of history is that it may help us to avoid the traditional mistakes when planning the future. Dr. Stamp's comments on aesthetics are wise. He points out that there is so little "natural" scenery in Britain now, that it is too late to argue against certain innovations merely on the grounds that they are new. We have shown ourselves able not only to get used to, but to like, almost anything. Thus many praise Hindhead Common, which to Cobbett was "the most villainous God ever made," and people delight in the older, but artificial, clumps of beeches on chalk hilltops while deploring Forestry Commission plantations. There are, however, more solid grounds for questioning the wisdom of having a plantation all of one species, or of giving it straight boundaries and fire-breaks.

In this crowded island the problem is to use our land to best advantage. We need roads, towns, divisions between fields, and, possibly, military airfields and training areas. But we could try to keep towns off good farmland, and to save space we could make flat-dwelling more attractive. We could restrict hedges along roads and between fields so that they no longer consume half a million acres. If military operations could be diverted to bracken-infested land it would not only be an economy but would probably also eradicate the bracken. Oddly enough there is little about bracken in this book, and the recent increase in its area is not mentioned.

Britain has not been self-sufficient in food since 1800 and even before that, in each phase of an expanding population, only just enough land was cultivated with only just enough skill to produce the necessary food. A community seems always to be facing the same difficulty. People plan a solution to the problem of the day, but during the time it takes to execute the plan the problem

'Lap-tab' British Pat. Nos. 615114 & 639617. Prov. Pat. No. 27761/54.

FOLDING
ARMCHAIR TABLE
MAKES HOMEWORK EASY!
YOU LIKE IT—OR WE REFUND YOUR MONEY

Thousands sold and every customer completely satisfied. Table Top size 30in. by 19in. made of sheet steel, covered with beige felt, non-skid surface. Channels are provided for pens; also non-burn ash-trays. The telescopic leg fitted with plastic foot, can be locked in any position between 20in. and its full extension of 33in. A first-class job, beautifully finished. A "must" for students, invalids and all who take work home.

An IDEAL BIRTHDAY or WEDDING GIFT

PRICE Carriage Paid (U.K. Only) £2.19.6

Accepted by the Council of Industrial Design for inclusion in Design Review.

Send for Folder "NS" LAP-TAB LTD
HASLUCKS GREEN ROAD, SHIRLEY, BIRMINGHAM

changes. The lag used to be the time taken to clear land and bring it into production. Now development depends more on research than on new land, and the lag is the time taken to clear civil servants, directors of laboratories, official committees and other research hazards out of the way so that research may burgeon. Dr. Stamp does not put it so crudely but he is aware of the problem, and points out that we now grow only half our food and that self-sufficiency can only be attained by optimal use of our land and some alteration in the food of our people. Each needs research. It may be that we need not be self-sufficient. But we could be; and if we were, we could have an independent foreign policy.

N. W. PIRIE

Shorter Reviews

A King's Heritage. The Memoirs of King Peter of Yugoslavia. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

King Peter's book has the peculiar charm of nullity which is the prerogative of royal memoirs. The monarch exercises his royal graciousness upon the reading public: chats of palace domesticity, hints at state secrets, lets fall an indiscretion or two, sighs over his tragic fate, breathes inspiring words about his domestic felicity and the future greatness of "my" people, and makes his imposing farewell. We can have nothing but gratitude for his condescension. Cold print, unfortunately, does not immediately convey that endearing humanity, which, as we know, monarchs reveal to all whom they encounter. It is, indeed, difficult to discern that the communications royalty has been pleased to make have any intrinsic value. We have here simple tales of the prince's upbringing; a confused account of the 1941 revolt; a curiously incomplete version of the difficult years of exile, with the expected defence of Mihailovich and politely turned accusations of British bad faith; and a fully documented justification of the King's own denunciation of his government's agreement with Tito. We are also reminded how Churchill was sure that the form of Yugoslav government was of no consequence to the British people. But we have nothing that tells us anything fresh, whether about public events or private personalities.

The one thing that might recommend this book to those sated by royal revelations is its demonstration of the crumbling of monarchy. The realities of power go first; there is then a convulsive effort to retain the panoply and potentialities; last of all, even the material playthings (going lavish journeys, flying planes, driving tanks) disappear. Individual personality there never was. The reader is left feeling that royalty in Europe has become rather like Peter's grandmother, who "was much loved, but once, towards the end of a long visit . . . I remember my father shaking his head reflectively and murmuring '*C'est assez*'."

Down in the Drink. By RALPH BARKER. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The members of the Goldfish Club, founded in 1942 for all airmen since Icarus who fell into the sea and were rescued, numbered nearly 10,000 by the end of the war. In this book Flight-Lieutenant Barker has recounted the adventures that earned a few of these their membership. The first story, that of the ferry crew who spent ten days in a rubber dinghy, six of them without water, reads like a prose *Ancient Mariner*, and underlines the cruel irony of the phrase "in the drink." All eight stories tell of courage and endurance, but not all of horror and suffering. There is, for contrast, the sublimely hilarious adventure of the Italian rescue plane seized by its British prisoners in mid-flight and diverted to Malta, narrowly to escape destruction by Spitfires.

Some potentially fine personal narratives have been spoilt by the literary inadequacy of their writers; Flight-Lieutenant Barker (about whom the publishers might have told us something) writes with clarity, humour, graphic skill, and the indefinable quality best described simply as good taste: he over-states nothing, obtrudes no personal prejudices, and re-creates many moments of suspense, exhilaration and despair without recourse to stylistic tricks. If his heroes do just occasionally tuck in with a will after being locked in a grim struggle for existence, he compensates by making the technical side of flying comprehensible and fascinating. A thoroughly satisfying present for boys of all ages.

United in Crime. By H. MONTGOMERY HYDE. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The best excuse for "yet another book of criminals" is that it be readable, and once again the prolific Mr. Hyde passes the test. In describing him as a "noted criminologist" the publishers probably mean something distinct from the unnoted criminologists still working towards recognition in the universities; but whatever they mean, Mr. Hyde knows the formula for books of unflagging interest about people who make and break the law. In this book he groups his crooks, where possible, around the men who prosecuted, defended, or tried them; and where not possible, under headings like "The Enigma of the Multiple Murderer," where their oft-told tales seem for the moment to acquire a new homogeneity.

His sketches of men like Sir Patrick Hastings, Lord Simon, Serjeant Sullivan and others keep to the conventional pattern of obituary praise. Not everyone who saw Simon's court work will agree, for example, that he had "none of the pomposity which people sometimes expect from legal pundits," and still less that he was "straightforward and direct of speech." And if Mr. Hyde has any readers who wince at clichés, they will be put off by phrases like "a ripple of laughter ran round the Court at this judicial sally" and "in common parlance he had 'got away with it.'" But this book has a special value in the short essays wherein the author declares his reasoned opposition to the death penalty, to the state of the law about sex aberration, to flogging, and to the clumsier surviving aspects of punishment generally.

The Third Reich: Studies by twenty-seven leading historians of the Origin and Policies of National Socialism. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 50*s.*

It is sad that this Unesco project has so little to be said for it. Enormously long and very expensive, it consists of a jumble of essays by a hotchpotch of authorities. Apparently three rapporteurs were charged with the responsibility of organising the study (i) of the philosophic origins of Fascism and Nazism, (ii) of the circumstances which made possible the transformation of an ideology into a political programme, and (iii) of the techniques and methods of Fascism and Nazism. Unfortunately the actual essays scarcely fit into this tripartite classification and constantly contradict each other. There are, for instance, a number of extremely useful studies of those dim but fascinating figures, the philosophical forerunners of Nazism, including Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Moeller van den Bruck, Stefan George and Paul de Lagarde. Yet a little later on we find an author indignantly denying that Nazism had any forerunners!

In his Introduction M. Rueff alludes to "the collective nature of the work." Actually it has no collective nature, as M. Reuff almost admits when he adds, "The Committee preferred a certain amount of overlapping to an over-strict regimentation which would have interfered with the creative freedom of the authors." What the Committee has actually permitted is a classic example of academic anarchy. "We await the verdict of enlightened opinion on the result of our work and the place the Council should reserve for research in its work in the future," concludes M. Rueff. It is to be feared that the verdict will be that a collective study requires a collective purpose, which this collection of authors never came within a mile of achieving.

Poems of the Hundred Names. By H. H. HART. *Oxford: Stanford University Press.* 20*s.*

If poetry resides in words and nowhere else, in diction, then the only effective translator of poetry will be himself a gifted poet. But if, as most people like to believe at least part of the time, there is also a wordless poetry that is to be found in conception and poetic structure, then the poetry can come through

APRIL, 1955 VOL. XXVI, No. 2

Editorial: Nationalized Industry

The Public Corporation — *E. Davies, M.P.*
Wages on the Railways — *B. C. Roberts*
The American Negro — *Douglas C. Verney*
Swedish Democracy — *Herbert Tingsten*
Pensions & Population — *Prof. R. M. Titmuss*
Middle East Strategy — *T. McKitterick*
McCarthyism — *John Brown*

7/6 per copy 30/- a year

The POLITICAL QUARTERLY
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

PHILOSOPHY
The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy
Edited by Sidney E. Hooper
Vol. XXX No. 113. April, 1955

CONTENTS

I THE NEED FOR A SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY. Professor A. Macbeath.
II THE MEANING OF BEAUTY. A. H. B. Allen.
III THE NOTION OF CONSCIENCE. Professor Austin Duncan-Jones
IV RESPONSIBILITY AND ACCOUNTABILITY. Nicholas Haines, B.A.
V Discussion: A PHILOSOPHER AND INTELLIGENCE TESTS. W. Mays
VI Philosophical Survey: PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE.
VII New Books.
VIII Institute Notes.

Published Quarterly. Price 3s. Annual Subscription 12s
MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON

Out of yesterday's headlines comes one of the most important books of today.

THINKING SOLDIERS

By men who fought in Korea

"Of course, soldiers have always thought. To survive they have had to. But their thoughts are not often found in books about war, which are much more frequently written by generals, war correspondents and so on . . ."

208 Pages, including 20 pages of photographs.
PRICE 5/- FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS. 5/6d. by post. Send in this coupon.

To COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS
44 & 45 Museum St., London, W.C.1.
I enclose.....for.....copies of THINKING SOLDIERS.
Name .....
Address .....
(N.S.2) .....

in even an unpoetical translation. It sometimes seems as if Chinese poetry is peculiarly translatable; at any rate one seems to find the poetic quality coming through uninspired translations more often in versions from the Chinese than from any other language. Mr. Hart's translations, more than two hundred of them, do not encourage this view. Only one of them is memorable, and that for the wrong reasons:

What fun it is
On a summer or an autumn day,
When all the rains have fled away,
To go boating on the lake.

From my calabash jug
I drink good old wine
Until I am jolly drunk.

It is hard to believe that Po T'Ing in the fourteenth century experienced the sentiments represented for the modern Englishman by "What fun it is" or "jolly drunk." And in any case if he did have these feelings and couldn't define them any more closely than this, then he should have been left to slumber in the original. This is a peculiarly bad example, and Mr. Hart's slackness more often takes the form of faded poeticisms—"verdant moss," "yon silver moon," "vanished quite," "myriad woes," "yesternight." But these are enough to banish all trace of poetry from his pages. No, plainly, if we expect a lot from translation out of Chinese, that is because we have got used to translators who begin where Mr. Hart leaves off.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,310

Set by Hilbrian

Competitors are invited to compose a rhymed curse on a breaker of the new Highway Code (motorist, cyclist or pedestrian). Limit 12 lines. Entries by April 12.

Result of No. 1,307

Set by C. Dunlop

Laura Riding and Robert Graves once suggested that many an anthology favourite would be improved by being turned into the form of the Japanese *hokku*, a short poem of only 17 syllables in three lines of five, seven and five syllables apiece. Thus T. E. Brown's *My Garden* was *hokku'd* into:

"There is no God." "Fool!
He walks my lovesome garden
In the evening cool."

Competitors are invited to try their hand at *hokkuing* any one of the following old friends: *Elegy in a Country Churchyard; If; Vitai Lampada; Invictus; La Belle Dame Sans Merci; Sea-Fever; Loveliest of trees, the cherry now; The Journey of the Magi.*

Report

Lhude sing hokku! This competition has been an outstanding success, and it is now possible to envisage the whole of the Oxford Book of English Verse *hokku'd* by our competitors into a convenient fifty pages. As many realised, the rhyme in the example given was fortuitous: the *hokku* does not call for one. But most entries did in fact use rhyme with, I think, excellent results. (Shall we call this *Statesman* form a *Stokku*?) Edward Blishen used it to such effect that he scoops a First prize of two guineas for his multiple entry (most competitors tried at least three); half a guinea each to those starred below. Also deserving of a mention: James Morgan, Barbara Rapaport, Gerald Abrahams ('a refugee from Assiac').

IF

If you don't incline
To hysterical excess
You are masculine.

VITAI LAMPADA

Sport? That's the ticket.
Life, sir, at its bloodiest,
Boils down to cricket.

INVICTUS

Life is a dead loss
That can scathe but not scare me,
For I'm my own boss.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

For what do you search,
Pale and lone?—I seek her who
Left me in the lurch.

SEA FEVER

Because of *e.g.*
The wind, sea-gulls and yarns, I
Must go back to sea.

EDWARD BLISHEN

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

*The ploughman's earthy plod
Leads but to the distant grave
Beneath the elm-bound sod (R. B. Browning)

They sleep neath the yew,
To fame unknown. Sigh for them,
Later, for me too. (Mrs. E. Negus)

'Tis dusk. I wonder,
Does genius unfulfilled
This earth lie under? (Barbara Smoker)

These has beens might not
Have been unknown if they had
Not lived in this spot (Harry Broadbent)

Night and Death! God knows
What these sleeping might have been!
Anon the cock crows (Kim)

IF

*If, if, young stripling,
Yours are manly virtues *plus*,
You'll be — a Kipling! (Little Billee)

Th'eternal schoolboy
Does not seek for pelf or fame,
He just plays the game (Betty Askwith)

VITAI LAMPADA

*Hushed the School Close is,
For in cricket life attains
Apotheosis (Malcolm Young)

INVICTUS

*Thanks, gods, I feel great,
Bloody good. Hit me harder.
I can take it, fate. (Robert Murray)

*I've had a packet?
My unconquerable soul
Can stand the racket (P. M.)

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

*I kissed her in her grot,
Dreamt horrid dreams beside her.
Cold, I haunt the spot (Pat Sloan)

"Who there, distrait, lurks?"
"One more whom that *femme fatale*
Hath given the works." (C. F. Best)

Yugoslavia and Dalmatian Coast

Eagle Airways are re-commencing their scheduled service to Belgrade in early June. Eagle Mayfair Vikings leave London every Saturday and fly via Munich direct to Belgrade (daily connecting services to all parts of Yugoslavia). Return Flights leave Belgrade on Sunday. Special reduced fare, with a validity of 23 days, only **£53.2.0** return

For further particulars apply EAGLE AIRWAYS OF BRITAIN (Eagle Aviation Ltd.) 29, Clarges Street, W.1. GROsvenor 6411 or your local Travel Agent.

London
Munich
Belgrade

BUDAPEST
14 DAYS TOUR

First departure May 25 by train or May 26 by air. 10 nights in Budapest. 2nd class train London-Vienna, coach Vienna-Budapest. Fully inclusive cost £68. By air £82. Thereafter monthly departures.

ALBION TRAVEL SERVICE LTD.
(Hungarian Travel Service)
2, PANTON STREET, HAYMARKET, S.W.1
Telephone: WHI. 6930 and 2083
In co-operation with the Official Hungarian Travel Organisation "IBUSZ" of Budapest.

THE BOOK ROOM, 78 Duke Street, London, W.1
(*National Marriage Guidance Council.*) MAYfair 2731 announces a special, new, cheap, unabridged edition of **THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE** by Dr. Helena Wright (**Williams & Norgate, 3/- post 4d.**), published by request of the Marriage Guidance Council. It is not sold by ordinary bookshops. Send s.a.e. for list of other recommended books on marriage and the family.

University Correspondence College
(*Founded 1887*)

Home study courses of preparation for General Certificate (all Examining Bodies), London University Entrance, Intermediate and Degree examinations for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B., B.D., and various Diplomas, Bar (Pts. I & II), Teachers' Diplomas, Professional Prelim. The College, an Educational Trust, has a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Low fees.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from Registrar,
70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

BRITAIN AND THE BOMB
in
NEWS
The fortnightly Soviet review
Price 6d. from all newsagents or
COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS
45 Museum St., W.C.1

Sea Fever

I find life ashore,
As time passes, more and more
And more of a bore! (W. P. B.)

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now

*Cherry, Easter dress:
Only fifty more visits
Possible: go: see (Guy Kendall)

*These cherries now hang
With bloom. I grow no younger;
So must look longer (John Levitt)

See the cherry's snow!
'Twill not grace the woodlands long.
Soon, too, I must go (Richard Pomfret)

The Journey of the Magi

*A hard time we had:
Finding a birth (you may say)
Did not make us glad (K. W. G.)

We fared far, to find
A babe whose birth brought death to
Our old peace of mind (Apple Tree)

Yes, we had travelled far
For a Birth, or was it Death?
Yet here we still are (Leslie Johnson)

A long camel-ride
For a Birth. Or was it Death?
I have partly died (John Wardroper)

The Chess Board

No. 287 It Takes Two . . .

The proverbial assumption that it takes two to make a quarrel may well be based on an all too charitable assessment of querulous mankind. But we can't go far wrong when adapting the old cliché to our very own ends. At the chessboard it does take two to make a brilliancy, and more often than not we depend on the opponent's gratuitous assistance to bring about that glorious coup we had in mind. Here is the sad case of an opponent who failed to oblige. The position was obtained by Major E. H. Flear, who was keeping his fingers crossed for Black to play the plausible R-K5, but alas, he preferred P-KKt3 and the finish (to quote the Major) "was prose instead of poetry." He was, of course, itching to counter R-K5 by R x Kt, thereby leaving his Q, both rooks and the B *en prise* and yet reaping glorious triumph. He has my deepest sympathy and a chessbook token to console him. Another to E. W. Carmichael for this enterprising rebuttal of an Evans Gambit.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(16)	P-B4	P x P
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(17)	R x P	Q-K3
(3)	B-B4	B-B4	(18)	R-B2	Kt-Kt3
(4)	P-QKt4	B x KtP	(19)	Kt-Q2	Q-Q2
(5)	P-QB3	B-R4	(20)	Q-Kt3	P-Kt3
(6)	P-Q4	P-Q3	(21)	QR-KB1	B-R3
(7)	Q-Kt3	Q-Q2	(22)	P-B4	P-B4
(8)	P x P	Kt x P	(23)	B-Kt2	KR-KB1
(9)	Kt x Kt	P x Kt	(24)	Q-QB3	R x R
(10)	B x P ch	Q x B	(25)	R x R	R-KB1
(11)	Q-Kt5 ch	P-B3	(26)	Kt-B3	Kt-B5
(12)	Q x B	Q-B3	(27)	R-Q2	Q-Kt5
(13)	O-O	Kt-K2	(28)	K-R1	Kt-K3
(14)	Q-B7	O-O	(29)	Q-K5	B x P
(15)	B-R3	R-K1	(30)	R-Q7	R x Kt
			(31)	resigns	

Here, finally, is a King-hunt achieved recently by C. W. David (Watford Club).

(23)	Kt-K5 ch	K x Kt
(24)	Q x P ch	K x Kt
(25)	R-K1 ch	K-B4
(26)	Q-R7 ch	K-Kt4
(27)	P-R4 mate	

Had Black played (24) . . . K-B4, the sequel, of course, would have been.

(25)	R-B1 ch	K-Kt5
(26)	R-B4 ch	K-R4
(27)	R-R4 mate	

The 4-pointer for beginners is one of those might-have-been stories bound to rouse Major Flear's sympathy. Fancy missing a chance of routing the World Champion! For Lipschütz was facing none other than the great Emanuel Lasker when he tamely played R-Kt4. How, instead, could he have forced the champion's immediate resignation? B—a win for White and C—a sui-mate in 5—are as home-made as they should be in a Readers' Own week. They should be worth 6 and 7 points respectively, and their authors fully deserve my chessbook token. Usual prizes. Entries by April 12.

A: S. Lipschütz

B: T. K. Wigan 1955

C: J. Ernest 1955

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 284. Set March 12

A: (1) . . . P x P, (2) P-Kt6?, P-Q7! (3) K-K2, Kt-B7! (4) K x P, B-Kt5! etc.

B: (1) Kt-B3, R-K4, (2) Kt(3)-K4 ch, K-R4, (3) Kt-Q7!, R-K2 ch, (4) K-B8, R-K3, (5) K-B7, R-KKt3, (6) Kt-KB8, R-KR3, (7) Kt-B6 ch, K-Kt4, (8) Kt-K6 ch, K-B4, (9) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Kt4, (10) Kt-K4 mate.

If (1) . . . R-B4, (2) Kt(3)-K4 ch, K-R4, (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-Kt4, (4) Kt-K6 mate.

C: (1) P-QKt8=B ch, K-Kt3, (2) B-R7 ch, KxKt, (3) Q-R6 ch, K-Q2, (4) P-B8=B ch, K-K1, (5) Q-Kt5 ch, K-B2, (6) P-K8=B ch, K-B3, (7) K-R8, P-Kt5, (8) Q-Kt2 ch, K-Kt4, (9) P-Kt8=B, K-R3, (10) Q-B6 ch, B x Q mate.

Quite a few competitors stumped by C. Prizes shared by: E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. R. Harman, C. Sandberg.

Assiac

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breafst. dinner opt. Moderate.

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47s. 6d. to 85s., partial board. Applic. forms and information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fro. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HIGHGATE, close Tube. Luxury divan room. £3. MOU. 9610.

BED and Breakfast in modern flat in Baker St. Every conven. £3 10s. Box 5632.

DIVAN-bed sitting rm. to let. Quiet house. Incl. light & h.w. £2 10s. p.w. 18 Park Villas, W.2. AMB. 1410.

NEWLY furnished bed-sitting rooms with h. & c., gas rings & fires. Comfortable lounge and television room. With breakfast, single from 4gns., double from 6gns. Apply 29 Orsett Terrace, Bayswater, W.2. Nr. Paddington Station. CUN. 9298.

COMF. sgle. bed-sitting rm. Use bath. Constant hot water. CUN. 4043.

REDECORATED furnished flatlet, one large room, own kitchen and toilet. Fully equipped. Bromley. RAV. 0533.

NEWLY dec. very conven. room, c.h., c.h.w., tel., linen, serv., bkfast., off Bayswater, for prof. or bus. person. PAD. 7562.

BEDROOM £1 per week in exchange for sitting-in and ironing. SPE. 3955.

CLOSE Belsize Pk. Tube/Buses. Nicely-furn. B/S rm. Bath, bkfst., ckg. facs. PRI. 2403 aft. 4, weekends aft. 11 a.m.

QUIET furn. bed-sitting room, bus./prof. woman. W.11. PAR. 5982.

ACCOM. offered in Highgate to young man/woman. Breakfast & evening meals, comfortable home, terms reasonable. Box 5538.

TO let, N.W.2. Large sunny room (part/furnished) in ground-floor flat. Ckg. facs., use garden, piano. GLAdstone 0407.

YNG. f. grad. req 1/2 girls share lge. fur. flat Highgate. TRA. 3499, Ex. 318.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

BUSY couple offer furn. West End bed-sitter, independence, to someone willing keep 3rd-fl. flat clean & fetch 3-yr.-old from nursery, occas. sitting-in. WEL. 4513.

LARGE, sunny, quiet, sgle.-divan room (W.5 area). Use of modern K. & B. Linen, china, cutlery, 'phone, etc. C.H.W. Convenient buses and Tube. PERivale 9381.

GRADUATE hsehold. 2 B/s. rooms, 50s. & 45s. 6d. Ckg. facs. HAMpstead 8109.

HIGHGATE Woods. Lge. attrct. 1-room flatlets, clean, well-run house, beautifully equip. & furn. C.h.w., use frig. 47s. 6d. & 45s. wkly MOU. 5196 after 6.

BRIGHT divan sit.-rm. B. Finchley. Ckg. facs., baths. 35s. p.w. TUD. 0423.

MAIDA Vale/St. John's Wood. Charming furnished room, suitable for 2 business people, with use of kitchen, bathroom and large garden. £3 3s. p.w. Apply May & Co., 6 Fernhead Road, W.9. LAD. 1151/3.

LARGE newly-furn. bed-sitting room to let. Ring Stamford Hill 5085.

ALL the year round "Country Life" 4-berth caravan to let for May, June or Sept. (July, August fully booked). On private estate, Hants-Sussex border. Secluded but not lonely. Set amidst beautiful Sussex pines on sandy soil with lovely views across valley to South Downs. Charmingly furnished, linen and silver provided. Elsan toilet. Calor gas cooker and lighting, main water supplied. Wonderful walking or motoring country. Absolute peace. 15 mins. in bus or car to market town. 40 mins. to coast. 6gns. weekly. Sorry, no pets. Garage available by arrangement. Box 5706.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro (4 mins. sea): Furnished Bungalow, all amenities, mains. Particulars and photo: Box 4686.

N. DEVON coast: furnished cottage to let for short holidays, by beach. Box 5416.

FURN. riverside cottage offd. rent-free Apr.-July. Simple life, lovely surroundings. Suit married couple/2 friends. Vulliamy, Downham Reach Cottage, Nacton, Ipswich.

HOUSE to let, May to September inclusive. Modern conveniences. West Coast, Ireland, overlooking Clew Bay. Mrs. O'Toole, Glebe House, Louisburgh, Co. Mayo.

AVAILABLE to holiday-makers, April to September, converted loft on hillside farm, Antrim Coast Road. Furnished for two persons, equipped oil-cooker, lamps. Ten minutes sea and bus. £2 weekly without board. S.a.e. for particulars: Collins, Carrivemurphy, Glenariffe, Co. Antrim.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TO Let from April 23 to July 23 and after September 10, large Studio in annexe West Dorset Farmhouse, 5 miles sea. (2 camp beds, elec. cooker, W.C., baths available). 35s. p.w. incl. Box 5418.

LAMORNA Cove, 2 caravans only, on beautiful secluded sites. Fully equipped. 2-berth till May 28, 4-berth till June 4, both aft. Sept. 10. Gibbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

ST. DAVID'S, Pembrokeshire. Willerby 4-berth caravan, farm site, seashore, available up to May 21, June 25-July 23 & after Aug. 27. Box 5473.

AUSTRALIAN lady music student reqs. furn. accom. London area, with or without board. Use of piano appreciated. Mod. rent. Tel. 9-5, TEM. 6600 or write Box 5900.

BRIGHT attic-minded non-suburban s/c. couple sk. like accom. Tube. Box 5766.

PROF. couple seek furn. or part-furn. accom. Own kit. & 1 large rm. or 2 small. Must be clean & cheerful. Box 5770.

LARGE unfurn. room with kitchen, central or northern, required by University lecturer. 12 Gordon Ave., S.W.14.

BUSINESS girl reqs. room with good cooking facilities. Personal independence essential. Box 5741.

BUS. couple req. unf. accom. in/near London. Max. rent £3. Box 5746.

1/2 rms., ckg. facs., rqd. by Brit. mother & daughter. Consider baby-sitting, tel. duties retn. reduced rent. Exc. refs. Hendon/Mill Hill/N.W. London. Box 5748.

HAMPSTEAD area. Designer (m), 26, wants board and accommodation with easy-going young family. Box 5793.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

WANTED, Woking-Chertsey district, furnished house, sleep six, approx. mid-July to October 7. Whittington, Albany, Piccadilly, London.

ANYBODY willing share his flat with Indian barrister? Box 5817.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

CHELSEA. To let furnished. Delightful House with garden. Day and Night Nurseries, 2 Bathrooms, 2 Reception Rooms, 2 Bedrooms. 17gns. per wk. for 14 months. Whelen, 138a King's Rd., Chelsea. KNI. 4451.

KENSINGTON. Top 3-roomed flat, electric light, use garden. £2 15s. Vac. Apr 14. State profession. Baby welcome. Box 5765.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED—continued

SELF-contained furnished 4-room flat. Own toilet. Share bathroom. Essex, 1¼ hrs. West End. £3 3s. per week. Box 5541.

COMPLETELY equipped flat for 2 or 3 people in lovely West Devon manor (inland). Close to village and bus routes. Rent 5gns. per week, which includes rates, lighting, central heating, fuel for fire and constant hot water. Lock-up garage available. Box 5477.

PROF. woman reqs. unfurn. flat Cent. Lond. F. & P. bought. Dets. Box 5142.

UNFURNISHED flatlet, London, in good condition, required by cultured couple. Premium offered. Box 5492.

WANTED, unfurnished flat within easy reach Lon. F. & P. to £100. Box 5578.

HEALTH Clinic. Several psycho-therapists and healers (co-operating in unique system of combined healing), seek free or nominally rented house or ground & 1st flr. premises West or Cen. London from interested & generous owners; gd. refs. Box 5585.

PROF. couple expecting baby req. furn./unfurn. flat or house in June nr. bus/train route to Leatherhead. Box 5534.

HANTS, 8x., Dorset, wanted cottage, lodge, forge or similar. £250 approx. Johnson, Heathside, Shalford, Surrey.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

WIMBLEDON. Superb wooded freehold building site. Box 5465.

MID-Sussex. Freehold cottage & 14 acres. 5 mins. village & bus, 3 miles main line station. Lge. sitting, 3 small bedrms., kit., lge. attic. Bath, sep. W.C. Loggia. Sleeping balcony. Aga ckr., cent. htg., elec. light & power throughout. Greenhouses, orchard. Attractive garden. £5,000. Box 5568.

FOR weekends or residence, converted 80ft. Thames barge on bank above Reading. River frontage for bathing, sailing. Five cabins, mains electricity, H. & C., bath. Nearest £750, mortgage available. Box 5468.

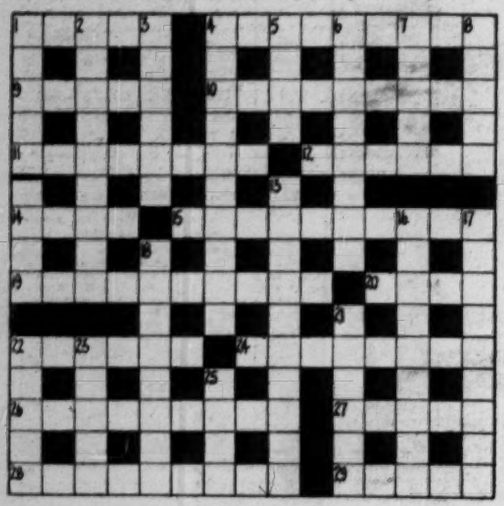
WEEKEND Cottage for sale: £300 or offer. Beautiful unspoiled moorland country. Manchester & Sheffield 30 miles, Stoke-on-Trent 20. Box 4581.

HOUSEBOAT, 32ft., coal fire, bath., Calor gas, complete furn. flatlet on peaceful river Wey. Inexpensive living. £325. View at Stonebridge Wharf, Shalford, Guildford.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

Week-end Crossword No. 146

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 146, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Apr. 12.



ACROSS

1. Ditch in the field (5).
4. For this poet there is a market in verse (9).
9. Prize for cricket on the hearth? (5).
10. This provides an excuse for kissing but for a start one needs bad visibility to permit love (9).
11. This entertainer finally discovers employment (8).
12. "Hesperus that led the —— host" (Milton) (6).
14. Frolic started by a god (4).
15. Offices filled by politicians who are hot stuff? (10).
19. One composer is another in the second half (10).
20. See 6 (4).
22. The boot the family tied on the back of the vehicle? (6).
24. Night watchman put in to bat first (8).
26. The heroine caught a lion but was finally torn apart (9).
27. Characteristic of the Irish, but not of the English (5).
28. Defences needed to make up for the said lapse (9).
29. Entertainers for the crowds (5).

DOWN

1. Such an overwhelming victory is tricky (5, 4).
2. Long Rhine metamorphorsis of a Wagnerian character (9).
3. You may have seen my supporters (6).
4. For lights over a dark place covers are needed (10).
5. State service (4).
6. 20 said a poor one was "the most irrelevant thing in nature" (8).
7. Cover up in winter weather (5).
8. One foot is normally attached to the middle of this piece of verse (5).
13. Parnell held them to control licensed premises (10).
16. Man may have nurtured them, but there is calumny in their heart (9).
17. Not the weapons for a boxer (9).
18. The cynic makes people turn up to eat with the good (8).
21. Half the school surrounds a little bird in pain (6).
22. This town gets a trophy after a bye (5).
23. Light boat class (5).
25. It has mounts for half the learners (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 144

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 144

Dr. Helen Wilkes (Jamaica), Mrs. Naylor (Horncastle), Lady Mary Campbell (Great Bedwyn).

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CORNWALL, South. Housel Bay Hotel, The Lizard. Most Southerly Hotel in Great Britain. Magnificent coastal scenery. Good food and comfort a speciality. Licensed. Brochure on application.

DEVON. Seaside/country holiday overlooking sandy bay. Local produce & poultry. H. & C. Sprung mattresses. Roberts, Higher Peaks, Westward Ho.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce. 6*gns.*, special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226, Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

CARDIGAN Bay. Sea & mountains; vegetarians welcome. 5*gns.* wkly. (full August). Also furn. rooms, own kit. Jepson, Brackenhurst, Fairbourne, Merioneth.

PORLOCK. Halsecombe House, betw. Exmoor & sea; friendly guest-hse. Ample well-ckd. country fare. Garage. Stabling. Pers. attention. Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Holmes.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House. Excellent centre for exploring the beauties of Lake District. 1st-class food, friendly atmos. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

DEVON. Country house, ideal relaxation, walks, touring. Liberal table. Own produce. Personal supervision. Indoor/outdoor recreational facils. From 4½*gns.* Hayman "Bossell," Buckfastleigh 'Phone 3294.

NEW Guest House opening at Easter in Kent's lovely Westgate Bay. ¼ min. sea, beautiful sands. Close to tennis, dancing and other amenities. Vacs. all weeks except July 23-Aug. 6. June 5½-6*gns.*, July 6*gns.*, Aug. 7*gns.* Children ½ rate. Helen Rainsford, "Kia-Ora," 35 Westgate Bay Avenue, Westgate-on-Sea. Thanet 31423.

OXFORD, Croft House, Burcot, Oxon., offers you warmth & comfort in sheltered sunny aspect. Thames-side gardens; hard tennis crt., billiards. Club Lic. A.A., R.A.C.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½*gns.* George and Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort, Continental cooking. 7½*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns Dolwyddelan 220

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Noted for comfort and good food Facing sea. A.A. recommended.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest House; excellent centre; good food; 16s. daily, £4 17s. 6*d.* weekly. Brochure: Tansley, The Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

MOUNTAIN Guest House, families welcome. Walking, climbing. Good food. Hot water. Paul and Beryl Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales.

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

MOUNTAIN farm, Snowdonia. Beautiful view, rooms and food. Hot baths, log fires. 7*gns.* inclusive. Box 3819.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7*gns.* Summer 7½-9*gns.*

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on W. Cornish coast. 5½*gns.* Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

SPRINGTIME in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London). Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers ideal accom. for country-lovers. Good food, comfort, delightful surroundings.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside, within reach of Eastbourne. Good food; comfy beds; spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Horam Rd. 32).

APRIL & May Holidays at Winter terms at Normanhurst. Rec. by rdrs. The small friendly hotel for warmth and comfort in "Britain's Best Climate." 4½/7*gns.* (inexpensive twin-bedded rooms), fully inclusive. Cen. htg. everywhere. Slumberlands. Illus, brochures. Facing Sth., opp. covrd. prom.; Nr. Sun-Lounge orchestra. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. 'Phone Hastings 4784. Also bkng. for Summer, 5½/8*gns.* Book early.

SOUTH Devon. Glen Cottage Period Guest House, Street, nr. Dartmouth. Overlooking sea. Under new ownership. Excellent cuisine. Ideal touring centre. Vacancies throughout the year. Brochure.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac 286 Carn Haven Guest House, facing sea. H. & c. Slumberlands. Pre-war catering. 5½/7*gns.*

CORNWALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac 285. Homely Guesthouse facing sea; farm produce, ev. comf. Excellent catering. 4½-6½*gns.*

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

FOR enjoyable days and comfortable nights stay at Ty Llwyd Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, N. Wales. Good walking, motoring, fishing. D., B. & B., 5½*gns.*

SIMPLE country Guest House, Cotswold valley. Own produce. 5½-7*gns.* Easter weekend 18s.-21s. daily. Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel, on famous old Green. Rooms of distinction; cent. htg.; excep. food; friendly atmos. 8*gns.* Full for Easter. Telephone 3120. Brochure. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

WEST Bay, Dorset. 2 double rooms, every convenience, one min. sea. Dinner, bed & bkfast. 6*gns.* Bridport 311911. Box 5515.

EASTER at The Hallams, nr. Guildford, Surrey. Lovely setting, beautiful rambling country—excellent food, log fires, friendly atmosphere. Tel. Brumley 306811.

MOXLEY House, Holmbury-St.-Mary, Surrey (Abinger 2177), booking now for Easter, £8 Thurs. Din.-Tues. Bkfst. (min.). Tennis, Putting, Games Room, T.V.

LITTLE England Beyond Wales. Comfortable accommodation in Country House on bus routes Pendine, Tenby. Fine coastal scenery. Home produce. Billiards, Tennis. Terms £6 6s. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Telephone: Laugharne 25.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

TREHARROCK Manor, Cornwall—Continental Holiday now 'midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Vacancies April. Glorious surfbathing, Polzeath. Sunshine. Safe golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing, in Italian-like villages. Salmon, Trout. T.V. lounge. Billiards. Table tennis. Children's room. Golf (Rock). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hrs. London. 11*gns.* except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Wainwright, Port Isaac 234.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's unique hotel where you find lovely food, every comfort and informal atmosphere. Sharpthorne 17.

THE new 1955-56 edition of "The Good Food Guide" is now ready. Contains nearly 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price. Nearly a third of the entries are new. The standard goes higher every year. 5s. from all booksellers. Published by Cassell.

JUSTINS, Bodiam, Sussex. Unique Country House with every comfort, set in lovely countryside overlooking moated castle. Club licence. A.A. listed. Write for illustrated brochure. Tel. Staplecross 228.

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Gst. Hse., Combe Martin. Min. sea. Ex. walk/touring cen.

BURGH Castle. Country House, large garden, near Broads, Roman ruins, yacht station. 3 miles sandy beach. Gorleston (beach hut). Ideal family holidays. 4 miles Yarmouth. Stephens, Old Rectory.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE, The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

MULLION, South Cornwall, Mount's Bay Hotel, offers every comfort. Friendly, informal. Club licence. H. & c. all rooms. Brochure with pleasure. Proprietors Mr. and Mrs. R. Poynter.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

CARINTHIA. Fam. Hotel nr. Lake Faak. Full bd. fr. 8s. 9d. dly. inc. Box 5850.

ENJOY a holiday in a most delightful resort on the Costa Brava. Reasonable terms. Write Pension Casablanca, San Feliu de Guixols, Costa Brava, Spain.

SWITZERLAND, Lake Geneva. Pension Mesangere, Chardonne s/Vevey. I. Jallard.

CAPRI.—An Italian family in the mountain village of Anacapri provide the best local wine, best local food and a very inexpensive pension in an inn with magnificent views of the island, only 10 mins. by bus down to the Piazza of Capri. Among those who recommend the inn are Mr. Peter Glenville, Mr. Graham Greene, and Mr. Cavalcanti. Address: Aniello Mariniello, Osteria-Locanda Aniello, Anacapri, Capri.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet situation above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine, Casino, dancing. Reduced rates to July 15. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

JUAN-les-Pins. Hotel Printania for good cooking, comf.; mod. prices, Eng. spoken.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

FRENCH Riviera: Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Radenne.

SPAIN, Costa Brava. Small mod. Pension facing sea. H. & c., good ckg. (No Aug. vacs.) Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

SAVAGE and charming Batik prints in earthcolours for interior decoration and spring dresses, 6s. 6*d.*—8s. 6*d.* yd. Personal shoppers only. Primavera, 149 Sloane St., London, S.W.1.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

TECHNICAL Research Service. Scientific, Literary Consultants. Specialists research recondite subjects. Dutton's Sec. Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

FREE Meals from monotony by serving them up with some of that tasty Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd., London, E.2. 'Phones, SHOreditch 3889/6046.

CAMERAS bought! Top prices for Leicas, Rolleis, etc. Part-exchange terms. Dixons, 185 Station Road, Edgware, Middx. EDG. 5211. Open Saturdays.

£5 Week Sickness/Accident Insurance. Prem. £6. Broker, 130 Balfour Road, Ilford.

PRINTED notepaper 8×5, 100 8s. 250 14s. T.Press, 123 Kentish Town Rd., N.W.1

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

BUSINESS Offers pleasant prospects when you're going home to a meal with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern, Worcs. Est. 1898.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE World in Colour." A series of Travel Books. Famous writers and artists have created the background, atmosphere and traditions of many countries in this series of leading travel books. Beautifully produced and illustrated in colour, they are packed with history and folklore and will appeal to the tourist and the armchair traveller alike. Already published: North Africa, South and Central Africa, Scandinavia, Italy, The Provinces of France, The Paris We Love, Spain and Portugal. Edited by Dore Ogrizek. 30s. each. "McGraw-Hill Pocket Travel Guides." Ideal for motorist and pedestrian. Described by The Brisbane Telegraph as "eminently practical . . . a soundly representative cross-section of the country visited." The Guides include itineraries through each county or province; kilometre-mile conversion tables; information about hotels, restaurants, towns, cities and landmarks en route. Already published: France, The British Isles, Spain, Italy (15s. each), Paris (17s. 6d.). To be published shortly: Austria, Western Germany. Available from your Bookseller. Published by McGraw-Hill, London.

DRAMA Quarterly Theatre Review. Spring number now ready: T. S. Eliot on Gordon Craig; Ivor Brown on Commercial Television; Janet Leeper on the Diaghilev Exhibition; St. John Ervine on Character Acting; J. W. Lambert on the Quarter's Plays. Price 1s. 6d. from booksellers; 1s. 7½d. post free from 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country. Specimen copy 1s. "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

MALE Art Photography. New album of superb art studies. Thirty-eight different models, 5s. 4d. post free. Dept. NS, Man's World Publishing Co., Ltd., Manor House, Worcester Park, Surrey.

"THE Anti-Communist Peril of Waldo Frank," by James L. Brewer. Published by New Christian Books, 95 Argyle St., Halifax, N.S. 1s. post paid.

ECONOMIC Journal, 1926-1954 (6 numbers missing), unbound, for sale, £10. Telephone London CENtral 4763.

READ latest popular psychological works. Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Rd., Crossgates, Leeds. Books for sale.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

WHOSE was the voice that suddenly broke into the programmes that millions were listening to? What was its message? Read "The Fourth Programme," a fantasia on contemporary themes by W. S. Adams. Price five shillings from all booksellers. Published by Lawrence and Wishart.

SUICIDAL strategy of H-Bomb, cause of the Bevan crisis in the Labour Party, fully analysed in "H-Bomb, Labour and Communism," by R. Palme Dutt. April "Labour Monthly," out today. Order 1s. 6d. all agents. Or 9s. half-yearly subscription from NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

ATOMIC Bomb Effects; Capitalist Restrictive Practices; Future of Retailing. "Labour Research," 9d., 2 Soho Square, London, W.1.

SOVIET Agriculture: Prof. Genkel on Maltsev's Soil Management system. Also "Co-ordination of Scientific Research," "Automatisation in Consumer Goods Industry," &c. Soviet Science Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 1, 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8, or bookshops.

PSYCHOPATHIA Sexualis, Kraft-Ebing; Sex and Life, Dr. Robie; Psychology of Sex, Havelock Ellis; Verité de la Relig. Chrestienne; Baileys Dictionary; Ulysses, Joyce. Offers: Box 5399.

WANTED to buy or borrow for two years, rent paid, Dilthey Gesammelte Schriften, Vols. I, IV, V, VII. Box 5570.

URGENT. Copy of Timoshenko's "Strength of Materials," Part One, urgently required by university student. Please 'phone Derwent 1002, if you can help.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought. Van collects London area. The Hammersmith B'kshop. RIV. 6807.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 4s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess, political, poetry, Everymans. Lists: A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Rd., Tolworth, Surrey.

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE NAVY'S MIDGET UNDERSEA RAIDERS

THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION PRESENTS

JOHN MILLS · JOHN GREGSON
DONALD SINDEN

Above Us the Waves

Also Starring
JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE · MICHAEL HORDERN · JAMES KENNEY
Screenplay by Robin Estridge · Directed by Ralph Thomas
Produced by William MacQuitty

Weekdays — Shows at 1.30, 4.0, 6.30, 9.0.
Programmes at 12.50, 3.15, 5.45, 8.15.

ODEON Leicester Sq
PHONE: WHI 6111
Sunday at 5.20, 8.20.
Programmes at 4.30, 7.25.

Programmes at 12.5, 1.45, 4.45, 7.45. Leicester Square THEATRE PHONE WHI.9252

"A BREATHLESS 90 MINUTES"
Jympson Harman—Evening News

"Keeps you sticky with suspense all the way"
Harold Conway—Daily Sketch

"Taut, tense, thrilling" Reg Whitley—Daily Mirror

EALING STUDIOS PRESENT A MICHAEL BALCON PRODUCTION

MICHAEL REDGRAVE · SHEILA SIM · ALEXANDER KNOX · DENHOLM ELLIOTT

THE NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP

DIRECTED BY LESLIE NORMAN · ASSOCIATE PRODUCER TOM MORAHAN
SCREENPLAY BY R. C. SHERRIFF
'U'

NEW ADVENTURES WITH ARMAND and MICHAELA DENIS ON THE BARRIER REEF IN EASTMAN COLOUR PRINT Commentary Written and Spoken by ENGLEBRETT

The sleeping baby test

WAIT till your baby is asleep; then put it in the back seat of your car. (If you haven't got a baby, borrow one.) Now fill up with Shell with I.C.A and go for a drive. Try ticking over, driving slowly, accelerating, cruising. Don't, of course, brake violently, swerve sharply, or hoot loudly. Above all, don't sing, though the way Shell makes your car behave may easily make you want to.

Assuming well-surfaced roads and good springs, the baby will stay asleep. *This means that Shell with I.C.A makes your car run more smoothly.*

Why? Two main reasons. The I.C.A in Shell prevents pre-ignition, which is the main cause of engine roughness. At all speeds your engine turns over more smoothly and more quietly. This means better performance and longer engine life, too.

Secondly, Shell has better "mixture distribution". This means that an exactly equal amount of petrol vapour enters each cylinder on the induction stroke, so each piston is driven with exactly the same force. Your engine runs as smoothly and efficiently as it can.

SHELL WITH I.C.A

the most powerful petrol you can buy

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research School of Social Sciences. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Political Science; salary £A3,000. Reasonable travel and removal expenses are payable. One year's study leave, with travel allowance, will be granted after each three years' service. The Department of Political Science is included in the Research School of Social Sciences and is at present in charge of a Reader. It will be the duty of the Professor to conduct and organise research into political movements and institutions and to supervise the work of a small number of post-graduate students, most of whom will be proceeding to the Ph.D. degree. Notwithstanding this notification the University retains the right to fill the Chair by invitation at any stage. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in Australia and London, is April 30.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in English. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,100—£A1,450 per annum, for a Senior Lecturer £A1,500—£A1,750 per annum, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is April 16, 1955.

AUSTRALIA—University of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Classics. The lecturer appointed will be required to prepare and conduct correspondence courses in the subject of Classics for the B.A. degree. He may be required to undertake some internal teaching in addition to correspondence duties, and he will be encouraged to engage in research work. Commencing salary will be within the range of £A1,100-£A1,450 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as soon as can be arranged after the date of appointment. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for receipt of applics., in London and Australia, is April 18, 1955.

UNIVERSITY of London. The Senate invites applications for the appointment of Staff Tutor under the Tutorial Classes Committee. Applicants should have high academic qualifications in relevant fields to assist in the development of adult education, particularly among trade unionists. The appointment may be either as Staff Tutor, salary scale £700—£50—£1,400 per annum with a bar at £1,000, or Staff Tutor (Junior), salary £600—£50—£700, according to experience, the initial salary in both instances being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Family allowances are paid and the post carries membership of F.S.S.U. Particulars and application forms from the Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1. Application forms to be submitted before April 30.

NORFOLK Education Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Assistant County Music Organiser. Salary in accordance with the Soulbury Grade I Scale for Inspectors and Organisers, viz., £775 × £25—£915 for men or £705 × £20—£815 for women. Further particulars and form of application from the undersigned to whom completed applications must be submitted not later than April 15. F. Lincoln Ralphs, Chief Education Officer, County Educ. Office, Stracey Road, Norwich.

THE Shaw Classifying School for Girls (aged 14 to 17) (Home Office Approved School), Appleton, Warrington. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Headmistress, who will be responsible for the preparation of classifying reports and for assisting in administrative duties, and who will be expected to take charge during the Headmistress's absence. A social science degree or diploma would be an asset, but graduate teaching experience, with some training in psychological methods, would be the more important qualification. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Headmistress, Shaw Classifying School, Appleton, Warrington. The closing date for applications is April 18, 1955.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NUFFIELD College, Oxford. Fellowship in Politics. Applications are invited from graduates, men or women, for a Fellowship in Politics. For further particulars apply to the Warden to whom applications should be sent by May 20.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Psychology, with special reference to Social Psychology. The appointment will date from October 1, 1955. Initial salary on the scale £650 × £50 to £1,350 per annum according to qualifications and experience. F.S.S.U. benefits and family allowances. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by April 30, 1955.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment in October, 1955, to an Assistant Lectureship in Sociology. Salary scale £600 × £50—£700 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be received not later than April 22, 1955, by the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CUMBERLAND Education Committee. Higham School, Bassenthwaite, Nr. Cockermouth, Cumberland. Applications are invited from experienced teachers for the post of Headmistress of this residential special school for educationally sub-normal girls (approximately 38 girls, aged 9-16), which the Authority proposes to open in late autumn 1955 or spring 1956. It is hoped to appoint the successful applicant from September 1, 1955. Salary Burnham Scale Group II (S) and free board residence in return for supervisory duties. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable (on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the undersigned, to whom they should be returned within two weeks of the appearance of this advt. Gordon S. Bessey, Director of Education, 5 Portland Square, Carlisle.

BRITISH European Airways require a Training Assistant for Training and Education Schemes, to study staff selection techniques and carry out testing programmes. Previous experience in this work essential; a degree in Psychology or Diploma in Occupational Psychology desirable. Salary £675—£725 p.a. Apply Head Office Personnel Officer, B.E.A., Keyline Ho., Ruislip, Middx.

B.B.C. invites applications for Trainee Studio Assistants. Successful candidates will join Staff Training Reserve from which most junior vacancies in Programme Operations Departments are filled. These departments are responsible for all operational work in studios in the preparation, transmission or recording of all programmes. This includes placing artists in relation to microphone, control of volume, reproduction of records and manipulation of sound effects. Candidates should preferably be between 20 and 25 and must be physically fit as hours of duty are irregular and may include night shifts. They must possess manual dexterity and capacity to assimilate some technical knowledge (broadcasting equipment, problems of acoustics, recording techniques). Considerable emphasis on personal qualities, particularly ability to deal tactfully and confidently with people, to think quickly and remain calm in emergencies. Wide general in the Arts necessary but as work varies within Departments, some knowledge of dramatic production, or ability to follow a music score, is valuable. For many posts vocal and operational suitability for microphone work and some linguistic ability is essential. Starting salary £400 p.a. for trial period of six months with prospect of promotion when fully qualified to £450, rising by 5 annual increments to £635 maximum. Prospects of further promotion in competition. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "789 N.Stm." should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified men and women for appointment as Social Worker to the Birmingham Public Health Department Psychiatric Social Service. Salary scale £560 × £20—£600 per annum. The work involves intensive case work with families in difficulties and/or individuals with mental health problems. The person appointed would specialise according to aptitude and experience. Minimum qualifications Social Science Degree/Diploma and/or Mental Health Certificate. Experience in the field would be an advantage. Applications giving full details of age, experience and qualifications to be sent to the Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Birmingham 3, not later than April 14, 1955.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Trained and/or exper'd. Full-time Leader (male or female) reqd. at Staines Youth Club. Membership (mixed), 120. Salary, Misc. III (£450-£515 p.a. if 26 yrs. or over). Established subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Application forms & particulars (stmpd. add. env.) from Divisional Education Officer, Education Office, Kenilworth Rd., Ashford, Middx., returnable by April 15 (quote Q.181 N.S.N.). Canvassing disqualifies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GOVERNMENT of Uganda. A vacancy exists for a male Information Officer, Department of Information, Uganda. Age limit 35 years. Qualifications: Experience in reporting, sub-editing, newspaper production and layout, preferably on provincial newspaper. Knowledge of visual display work an advantage. Duties: To organise and run a training scheme for African Information Office Trainees. Terms of Appointment: On contract terms for tour of 30-36 months with emoluments according to experience in the scale £762-£1,404 per annum. A gratuity of 13½% of salary is payable on satisfactory completion of contract. A cost of living allowance of 10% of salary is also payable. Outfit allowance £30 if basic salary below £882 per annum. Free return passages for officer, wife and children up to cost of three adult passages. Furnished quarters, low rental, generous leave. Income tax at low local rates. Apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, giving briefly age, qualifications and experience. Mention the reference number BCD 148/9/01.

FOREIGN Service: Principal Instructor at the Middle East Centre for Arab Studies. Applications are invited for this post at Shemlan, Lebanon. The Centre, which is under the aegis of H.M. Foreign Office, trains members of the United Kingdom and Commonwealth Foreign Services and commercial organisations for service in the Arab countries of the Middle East. Applicants must have at least a second-class honours degree, preferably in Oriental Studies or History, and a good knowledge of modern Arabic and of Arab countries. Experience of teaching adults is desirable. Salary (subject to U.K. income tax) is on the scale £695 to £855 (men) and £665 to £750 (women) and a foreign allowance (non-taxable) (which varies according to the cost of living in the Lebanon) is also payable. The allowance is higher for a married instructor, and takes account of dependent children up to the age of 18 years. Free furnished accommodation is provided. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Personnel Department, Foreign Office, 8 Carlton House Terrace, S.W.1. Closing date for receipt of application forms April 30, 1955.

THE Council of Industrial Design requires a Promotion Officer to plan and execute all forms of promotion and publicity, except press. Successful experience in promotion essential and knowledge of broadcasting and television useful. Starting salary £1,260-£1,410 according to experience and qualifications, rising to £1,510 (men). Applications by April 13. Write for further particulars and an application form to the Establishment Officer, Tilbury House, Petty France, S.W.1.

TRAINED and Experienced Family Caseworker (man or woman) with Social Science qualification wanted by recently established Northumberland Family Care Committee for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Commencing salary £500-£600 p.a. according to training and experience. For further particulars apply to The Secretary, Northumberland Family Care Committee, 17 Ellison Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1, within 7 days of this date.

LIVERPOOL Council of Social Service (Incorporated) requires (1) In June or July: an Assistant (and deputy) to the Head of its Social Welfare Department. (2) In September: an Assistant (and deputy) to the Head of its Group Work Department. Both posts are new and would suit young University graduates or qualified social workers wishing to gain administrative experience. Salary range £425 to £600 p.a. Superannuation. Full details from Secretary, L.C.S.S., 14, Castle St., Liverpool, 2, within 7 days of this advertisement. Enquirers should indicate whether they desire details of (1) or (2) or both.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau, Southampton. Applications are invited for Secretary (man or woman). Applicants should have Social Science qualifications and/or experience of working in partnership with statutory, local government and voluntary organisations. Salary, according to qualifications and experience, £450-£550 per annum. Closing date April 20, 1955. Further information from Town Clerk, Civic Centre, Southampton.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer, female. Communications, stating full particulars, experience, etc. should be addressed to the Assistant Sec., Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

BODENHAM Manor School, Bodenham, Nr. Hereford. House Matron required for Residential Special School for 30 maladjusted boys and girls. Salary £250 per annum, plus emoluments. Warden W. David Wills. Apply to the Secretary, 23, Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

ASSISTANT Warden required for boys' hostel in London. Some youth club or similar experience necessary. Assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Commencing salary £4 per week; live in, all found. Applications in writing to The S.O.S. Society, 24 Ashburn Place, London, S.W.7.

AN Organising Secretary for Jewish women's organisation, with drive and initiative and ability to speak in London and Provinces. Interesting post in modern offices. Good salary according to qualifications and experience. Mizrachi Womens Organisation, 345 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GANYMED require a saleswoman for their Gallery. Interesting job for the right person, salesmanship is the first requisite. Apply in writing, A. S., 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

TEMPORARY post—6 months, organising reception of foreign students for Farm Camps. Languages an asset. Form of application from the National Union of Students' Vacation Work Organiser, No. 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby (co-educational, 110 boarders). Assistant Matron required April 23. Vigorous and kindly person (23-35), good sewing. Salary commencing £180, resident.

SPAIN. Engl. teachers rqd. by Lang. Inst. Knowledge Spanish advisable. Box 5527.

WANTED June 5 to end September, young cultured tutor to interest 8½-year-old American child in England, and possibly south of France in Aug. Box 5478.

YOUNG man or woman with knowledge of music and preferably with French and German required in the Publicity Department of the Decca Record Co., Ltd., for cataloguing and similar duties. Please write in first instance, giving details of qualification and previous experience if any, Publicity Department, 1-3 Brixton Rd., S.W.9.

SHORTHAND-typist required for Child Guidance Clinic. Salary according to age on Grade A scale: £175 p.a. at age 16 by annual increments to £365 p.a. at 27, and by further increments to maximum of £410 p.a. Applications in writing, with copies of testimonials, to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

STUTTGART German-English translator reqd. for technical sales literature (Engineering). Mother-tongue pref. Engl. Permanency. Sal. D.M.600 p. month. Box 5635.

AN Editor needs bright junior (f.) for editorial routine. Unlimited prospects for aspiring journalist. Box 5638.

CLERK, male or female, for West End office; exper. not essential; must have personality appearance, ability to deal with people. Knowledge languages an asset but not essential. Able to act on own initiative & take responsibility. Starting salary generous. Prospects considerable. GER. 0169. Box 5906.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

TYPIST wanted (21-28) to train as Secretarial Assistant in a London Correspondence School. Interesting, progressive opening. Commencing salary £7. Write, stating age, speed and experience, to Box 5696.

SECRETARY (willing if needed give general assistance) wanted by proprietor country hotel. Sh./Typist. Box 591 Woolward Advtg., 86a George St., Edinburgh.

SEC. Sh./T's for interesting jobs. St. Stephen's, VIC. 5084.

AN educated, intelligent young typist wanted as junior for general office work. 5-day week. Starting salary £6. Hansard Society, 39, Millbank, S.W.1. VIC. 2431.

EMPLOYMENT Agency wants live, experienced Manageress. Excellent prospects. Box 5772.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

RESPONSIBLE, middle-aged woman required, full-charge of house in owners' absence. Cooking, some housework, another kept. High wages. Good refs. reqd. No children, or animals. Winslow, 64 Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ECONOMICS Graduate, completing Ph.D. Thesis, seeks part-time work. Research or teaching preferred. Box 5544.

LADY Secretary, experienced, used work on own init. Engl./German sh., fair French. Free beginning April. Box 5719.

ANIMAL Welfare. Lady, much experience in voluntary protection of animals work, wants paid part-time job London or from home. Lecturing, writing, committees; own typewriter. Would visit abroad inspect and report on condition of animals, constructive suggestions for helping. Good mixer and appearance. Suggestions welcomed, in strict confidence. Box 5604.

YOUNG S.R.N., Doctor's daughter, C. of E., sks. useful/profitable employment, afternoons/&/or evgs. London. No typing. Free for interview early April. Box 5414.

GERMAN girl, 19, sks. post Engl. Private School. No teacher's training. German conversation & Gym. G. Metzger, Gross Umstadt, Hessen, Kaiser Str. 21, Germany.

SECRETARY 40's desires post in near future. Political, commercial, newspaper experience. Research. £320. Box 5535.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn. W.1. May. 6626.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

DENISE Lassimonne presents Summer Course 1955 at Petersfield (President: Dame Myra Hess). Teaching and Study of Tobias Matthay's Principles of Piano Playing. July 16 to Aug. 26. Those giving Lectures & Recitals include: Etienne Amyot, Elizabeth Boenders, Harold Craxton, Nina Milkina, Irene Scharrer, Ernst & Lory Wallfisch and Sir Steuart Wilson. For further particulars apply: "Byways," Steep, Petersfield, Hants.

CAMBRIDGE Vacation Course on Modern English Literature and Language Practice. A Residential Course of unusual interest for both British and foreign students of English Literature will be held in Hughes Hall, Cambridge, from August 3-24, 1955. Full partics.: F. E. Bell, M.A., Stuart House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE and House Party Holidays for professional people. Write for our special leaflet with details of our arrangements in Britain, Italy, Austria and Spain. Special German language courses at Salzburg. Departures July 3, 10 & 24. Erna Low, 47 (TS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

CONFERENCES, Week-end and Summer Schools at The Mount, Haverhill, Suffolk. Fully equipped conference centre. From 12s. per day all incl. Maximum accommodation 54. A few vacant periods remain in 1955. Details from Warden.

PERSONAL

ESTABLISHED Society for improving race relations, with Headquarters Victoria, S.W.1, requires voluntary services lady or gentleman as Honorary Secretary. Assured interesting worthwhile occupation and active co-operation Executive Committee. Box 5789.

BLIND Man, expert typist, own Portable, urg. needs post, resid. if poss. Much business exp. Open suggestions. Box 5870.

YOUNG family going by car to Austria Whitsun, 2 weeks, offers two seats, share expenses. Offers to Box 5555.

SPAIN. Cple. leaving Jy. 31, 2 wks., have 2 seats, new car; £15 each. Box 5760.

COLLEGE student (14) from Germany desires to spend his holiday in August—approximately 5 weeks—either at a Youth Camp or with an English family as paying guest in order to perfect his knowledge of English. Would also be willing to consider receiving a young Englishman in exchange. Please reply to Box 5593.

CÔTE d'Azur. Furnished accommodation, artist's house Antibes. Box 5725.

VACANT August. Large furnished bedsitt. with own bathroom, 25 mins. Marble Arch. Very cheap exchange household help. Some care for boy 8 years during school holidays. Ring SHE. 5807 evenings.

FEW vacancies available for coaching in Anatomy and/or Physiology up to Second M.B. standard. Phone WELbeck 5365.

MAN, family, wish contact community of work (Agricultural?). Full living rather than financial gain. No capital, hard working, adaptable. Cultural intsts. Box 5584.

WANTED for "New Statesman-ish" political office, retired enthusiast for routine work in return junior salary. Box 5698.

CRAFTS, modern & traditional. Will professional & amateur English craftsmen, however modest, kindly send particulars of their work to Stainton, Via Sicilia 24, Rome, with view to sale.

OPPORTUNITY for property-owner Belgravia desiring fair proportion of the World's Great Ones to beat a path to his door by accepting John Vickers, the photographer, as a permanent tenant, moderate rental. Basement or rambling premises ideal. Must incl. one room, 18ft. × 18ft. × 10ft. high min. 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

CHEERFUL offices to let, Westminster. Reasonable rent. Box 5697.

MAN of 40 seeks active partnership in non-speculative concern with good prospects. Would invest £1,000. Box 5801.

PROFESS. German lady, charm. flat Rhineland, offers 4-6 weeks hospitality to Engl. lady in exch. Miss C. Struck, Wuppertal-Vohwinkel/Rhld./Germany, Schliffenstr. 60.

PSYCHOLOGIST. P. J. Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

ADVERTISER with "urge" to go to Greece offers his services as pillion or open car companion, for return trip, early or late summer. Box 5467.

CHARMING flat Rome to let or exchange for accommodation London, two or three months. Box 5469.

COVER girl reqd. for new women's magazine. Free-lance basis. Box 5892.

GHOSTING, rewriting, research, etc., undertaken by experienced journalist/novelist. Firm offers only. Box 5479.

EARLY Spring Motoring Holiday. Gibraltar and return via Lisbon, visiting Paris, Andora, Seville, Granada, etc. Married couple with comfortable 6-seater would welcome congenial passenger(s) sharing expenses. Away 3 weeks. Box 5551.

PERSONAL—continued

AT Geneva. A home opposite for sale or hire. Carved oak dining suite (credenza, sidebrd., extnsble. table, 4/2 chairs). Drawg. rm. suite (soft, easy chairs, tbls., antq. oak crnr. cpbrd., bkcases, radgrm, autmt. change). Gdn. chairs, etc. Payable here or Geneva. Geneva 257653 or GUL. 7934, or Box 5875.

LONDON fam. would exch. Hampstead flat for accom. coast Aug. Box 5484.

VOCATIONAL Guidance—advice offered to young people seeking career. Colin Sutton, 23 Marloes Rd., W.8. FRE. 8985.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts future programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

BACH., Jewish, 30, sks. comp. (m.), hols./wkends. Any colour, creed. Box 5640.

ADPHONES If you want to buy or sell anything privately. Any and every article for you and your home. Property, accommodation. Personal services. 4 Wellington Terrace, Bayswater Road, W.2. BAYswater 7224. Adphones.

HILDA Sachs, A.R.C.M., retnd. S. African tour accepts piano pupils. MAC. 6073.

HUMANISM is now an International Movement. Parties.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Wes. 2341.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

GUITAR lessons, technique/theory/harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

LEARN to speak French as in France. Box 5879.

PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S., Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-ducation in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £3 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655. for details.

THE Central Board of Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

"THE Art of Seeing." Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

"KNOW-HOW" means Writing Success for you. No Sales—No Fees tuition. Free N.2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

SEASIDE Holiday School for Children 5-12 yrs. Thanet House School, 18 Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs, Thanet 62783.

FOR overworked business people the relaxing and stimulating effect of Nerve Manipulation is invaluable. A reintegrating treatment. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Av., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

YOUR Continental holiday starts by viewing the new ideas in Beach and Swim Wear at Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh St., Foubert's Pl., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. Call or send for new 1955 illus. catalogue.

DOUGLAS V. MORGAN, private astrologer, would send a reliable reading of your life, for birthdate, 10s. 6d. Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

DISCS from your tape recordings. S.N.P., 59 Bryanston St., W.1. AMB. 0093.

GUITAR-players (incl. beginners) are invited to weekend course, Apr. 29, at Brasiers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send a card for programme; also for details of new midweek courses, starting Apr. 19.

HOLIDAYS in France. We can arrange a congenial exchange-visit betw. your son or daugh. and a French teenager during their summer holidays. Arrangem. only made betw. reliable and cult. families. For det. & appl. form send s.a.e.: Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370.

APPLICS. invited to form parties of 8 for fortnightly visits Spanish Med. coast, travelling Volkswagen Microbus. Box 5374.

WHITSUN: 15 days lovely Dordogne valley with Cockaigne Club; Easter, Cornwall; July, Prades festival; August, Basque country; Russell, Carnvoel, Porthcurno, Penzance, or PRI. 4068.

PERSONAL—continued

EASTER Holidays: You are still in time to book for one of our Easter parties to Paris, Amsterdam, Spring ski-ing in Austria or Easter house party in Britain (Sussex by the sea, Berkshire by the river or Stratford-on-Avon). Contact now Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 or 9225.

SEE Yugoslavia and Greece in 1955. These tours are fully escorted London back to London. Grand Coach Tour of Yugoslavia visiting Ljubljana, Sarajevo, Dubrovnik, Split, Bled, etc., 15 days, £52 15s. Rail and Boat Cruise to Opatija, Split, Dubrovnik, Sarajevo, Zagreb, 15 days, £51 10s. 18-day Rail and Boat Cruise to Greece and Islands visiting Athens, Olympia, Delphi, Crete, Rhodes, and Island of Mykonos, and Venice, £54 12s. 3rd class sleepers available. Send today for free illus. broch. See Yugoslavia, Ltd. (Dept. NSN), 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

SWISS Four-Centre tour visiting Engelberg, Meiringen, Grindelwald, Murren—16 days £40. Rambling in Swiss Jura—15 days £35. Mountaineering in Switzerland or Austria—16 days from £34. Black Forest tour—16 days £28. Camping on the Riviera—15 days £34. Paris all-inclusive holiday—8 days £22. Two centres in Brittany—14 days £34. Yugoslav Alps walking tours—16 days £35. Three weeks rail and coach tour round Spain—£61. These are only a few examples from our programme. Write for copy to Ramblers Assoc. Services, 48 (M2) Park Road, N.W.1.

ALLWAYS Air and Coach Tour of Italy visits Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Capri and gives adequate leisure throughout. Optional extension to Sicily or Ischia. May we send details of this exceptional escorted tour or help you with your independent arrangements? Allways, 17, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Costa Brava. A 14-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise resorts on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 15s. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10s. Plan now. Write or 'phone for five exciting fully illustrated free colour brochures to Dept. N.S.13, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

POSITANO Art Workshop, Italy. Open May-Oct. Ideal Art Holiday in picturesque fishing village on Neapolitan Coast. Studio classes in painting and applied arts. Small unregimented party May 26-June 19, £67. (No applications accepted after April 12.) Student/teacher party Aug. 4-28, £54. Individual registrations welcomed. Box 5667.

HOLIDAYS at home and abroad. At home: From the Scottish Highlands to the sunny slopes of Devon. Abroad: From Norway to Spain and the Mediterranean. Over 80 selected holiday beauty spots to give you the holiday of a lifetime. Why not book now and avoid disappointment. Write for free illustrated booklet. C.H.A., Dept. J. Birch Heys, Manchester, 14.

EASTER in Paris: Join small party staying at a pleasant Etoile hotel. Sightseeing and entertainments arranged by young English-speaking Frenchman. Box 5890.

JERSEY, the Island that has everything for every holiday-maker. Gay Continental atmosphere, warm seas of Mediterranean blue; scenery that is a glorious kaleidoscope of the splendid, the quaint, the serene. Travel by British Railways or fly by British European Airways. Free literature from Box 324, Official Tourist Information Centre, Jersey, or Travel Agents. One Island—20 Resorts with the longest sunshine season.

AIR Travel included in 2 weeks' tours starting July 23 Switzerland, July 30 Austria, August 14 N. Italy, August 21 Spain, August 28 Yugoslavia. £35 to £42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

HUNGARY, including excursions, concert, etc., 16 days £49 10s., 21 days £57. Full programme contains 80 holidays in 18 countries. Send stamp Holiday Friendship Service, 5 Goodwins Court, W.C.2.

JUGOSLAVIA. Fully conducted tour embracing Lake Bled, the Slovene Alps and the Island of Rab, by train, ship and coach. August 20 to Sept. 4. £46 5s. Write E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

THERE is still time to join the party I am taking to the Bernese Oberland, July 3/16. Rail travel, comf. hotel, friendly company, ideal centre. Write: Richard Belton, Hillcroft, Winchcombe, Cheltenham.

FABIAN trip to Yugoslavia, August 29-September 12. Air travel, hotel accommodation, special facilities and excursions. Numbers limited. Details 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

CRUISING on canals. Comf. cruisers for 2-6 people. 60ft. headroom. Choice of 7 routes over 700 miles of canals & rivers. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

REVEL in the sun (and cheaply) at Cannes, Cadiz or Seville University Summer School, from 31gns. Write now, Mary Sanger, 106, Kensington High St., W.8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

PERSONAL—continued

40 Artists and Students are required immediately to train for Cartoon Film production. Studio contract guaranteed to all successful students. Essential qualifications—drawing ability and imagination. Director, Heatherley Film Group, 33 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1 VICtoria 6077.

ART Treasures of Italy. Easter in Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome 15 days 35gns. departing April 6, also August 14 and 28. Milan-Verona-Mantua-Padua-Venice 40gns. August 14. Alpine Flowers in Austria departing July 3, 15 days £31 17s. For details please enclose s.a.e. E.T. Association, c/o World University Service, 59, Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

ROMANTIC Majorca: July 23, 16 days holiday, 1st Cl. hotel overlkg. sea; all incl. by rail & plane, 39gns. A Bargain! Also Air Parties (Whitsun) May 28, July 23, Aug. 6 & 20: 52gns. Tel. 4767 (till 7.15 p.m.) Rugby Tours, 41 Claremont Rd., Rugby.

TWO weeks' walking—Holland £18; Denmark £27 10s.; Austria £33 10s. I.T.T., 6 Bainbrigge Rd., Leeds 6. (S1)

EYESIGHT re-education. Refractive errors and squint treated by qualified Bates Practitioner. Doris M. Brock, 55 Hale Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. MIL. 2307.

AU Pair posts, pocket money, 3-12 mths., for educ. yng. ladies wil. help childn., light hswk. in exc. fam. France, Belg., Germ., Canada, U.S.A. Same arrangem. for foreign girls coming to England. Summer bkgs. shd. be made now. S.a.e. Educ. Tour. Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

CHILDREN'S Holidays. Parndon Hall, Harlow, again offers country holidays. Ten ponies with resident Instructor, riding meadow, tennis court, extensive grounds. Qualified Matron and teachers give careful supervision and organize games and excursions. April 2 to 27. A few vacancies for Easter week. From 5gns. Mrs. K. Clare, J.P.

P.S. Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme includes courses in Austria, Greece, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Yugoslavia—also special "Musicians' Tours." Period 14-26 days, costs 26½-59gns.

P.P.S. Apply now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Telephone: Harrow 1040.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MANUSCRIPTS expertly typed. Theses, novels, plays, &c. P. Sutton. FLA. 7967.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by Famous Authors. Novels, Plays, Poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

TYPING, Duplicating, etc. Moderate terms. Accurate work. Pearon Typewriting Services, 31 Queens House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. GER. 4969.

DUPLICATING; as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

LEGAL & Commercial Typing: You send, we return by hand. Chapman, 3 Glebe Court, The Glebe, S.H.3.

MABEL Eyles Duplicating Serv. (est. 1935), 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765.

EDUCATED lady types at home: Lit., commercial, scientific. Mod. SPH. 0681.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand-typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Dictating machine hire service. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. Public/private meetings, conferences, etc., reported. Translating from/into all European languages. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

TRANSLATIONS into/from All languages. Duplicating and all manner of Typing. Grundig Tape Recorder Service. Ring HUNter 0856, WELbeck 4626, Mary Claire Secretarial Services, 35 Dorset St., Baker St., W.1.

RAPID Translations in and from all languages, very mod. charges. Secira (Dept. 3), 20 Buckingham St., London, W.C.2.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Coeducation 3 to 18. Full or weekly boarding and day school. Headmaster, James Cunningham Bast, M.A.

SMALL co-ed. school run family lines welcomes children who need emotional stability combined with sound educ. to Common Entrance level. Graduate headmaster. Apply: The Court House, Painswick, Glos.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School, 33-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Androcles & the Lion," Shaw. Tu.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Sun. Club 7.45.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.) Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "South." Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). "Shadow of the Swastika." Fris. & Sats., 7.45, Suns. 4 & 7.45. Mems.

CLUB International presents historical Indian play "Devdas" (in English) at Unity Theatre. Thursday, April 7, 7.30 p.m. (Members only.) Enquiries: Secretary, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1.

IRVING Th., Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Très Chic." Mems. 10*s.* yr. includes guest ticket.

BULGARIAN State Song and Dance Company of 110, Winter Garden Theatre, Drury Lane, W.C.2, from April 11 next, for a limited season. Mon. to Fri. at 7.45, Sats. at 5.30 and 8.30. Circle 16*s.* 6*d.*, 13*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.* Stalls 13*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* Balcony (unreserved) 2*s.* 6*d.* For party bookings all seats (except Balcony) reduced 1*s.* from Box Office, Hol. 8881/9020, Cha. 3875.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: ARC. 6595.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until April 3: "Alexander Nevsky" (U). From April 4: "Henriette" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Apr. 2, Gene Kelly, Judy Garland in "The Pirate" (U). Dir.: Vincente Minnelli. 2, 4, 6, 8.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Apr. 3, 7.30. "O'Cangaceiro" (A). Brazil.

ASIAN Film Society presents "Gate of Hell," Grand Prix Winner, Cannes Festival, 1954. First colour film from Japan, English Sub-titles, and "Jogan" Indian social film starring famous Nargis and Dilip Kumar. Thursday, April 7, 7 p.m., at Scala Theatre. Tickets in advance. For particulars apply A.F.S., 11 Greek Street, W.1. GER. 0073. Office hours Weekdays 2-5 p.m.

"THE Council of the Gods": German film. At Hampstead Town Hall, Wed., April 6, at 8. 6*d.* Hampstead Peace Council.

HUNGARIAN film première—"I and my Grandfather"—St. Pancras Town Hall, April 3. Hungarian music starts at 7.10 p.m. Adm. 9*d.* B.H.F.S., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

APRIL 7, Kensington Town Hall, Ginger Johnson, Afro-Cuban Latin-American Band, 7 p.m. Tube: High St., Kensington. Organised by League of Coloured Peoples.

VECHERINKA. Social Evening. Entertainments. Members' Bar. Refreshments. Sat. April 2, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 2*s.* 6*d.*

FANTASIA Club, 35 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Bar open dly. ex. Mon. Weekend studio dances to Sonny Drinkwater & his Music from 7.30 p.m. Mems. 3*s.* 6*d.*, gsts. 5*s.*

I.C.A. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones." Sat., April 2, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3*s.*, guests 5*s.* Mem'ship. invited.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Monday, April 4, at 8. In the presence of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent. Concert in aid of The Save the Children Fund. Gina Bachauer. The London Orchestra. Conductor: Alec Sherman. Overture, The Bartered Bride (Smetana); Piano Concerto No. 2 (Rachmaninoff); Walk to the Paradise Garden (Delius); Piano Concerto No. 1 (Tschaikowsky). Tickets: 63*s.*, 42*s.*, 21*s.*, 15*s.*, 10*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* Hall (WAT. 3191) and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1. (WEL. 8418.)

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." Weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals. Wednesdays until May 25 at 5.45. April, 6, Geraint Jones, singers and orchestra (Conductor: Geraint Jones). Leaflets giving full progs. and tickets from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

SUNDAY, April 3, at 7.30. Royal Festival Hall. Overture, The Metropolis—John Veale (1st perf.); Tintagel—Bax; Piano Concerto—John Ireland; Symphony No. 3—Stanley Bate (1st London perf.). London Symphony Orchestra, cond. Charles Groves, soloist Iso Elinson. 3*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.* WAT. 3191 and Agents.

MARGERIE Few. Pianoforte Recital, Tues., April 5, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 4*s.* from Gallery in advance or at doors. Programme of Music by Scarlatti, Grazioli, Paradisi, Schumann, Beethoven & Ravel. Whitechapel Art Gallery (Bearsted Collection).

BOYD Neel Chamber Ensemble. Trios by Mozart (K.498), Brahms (Op. 40): Piano Quartet, K.493 (Mozart). Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm., Sat., Apr. 2, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

MUSIC-Lovers—Listen to the world's greatest opera performances and concerts. Details every Friday in "European Radio" (programmes of 20 stations). Price 6*d.* Newsagents or 137 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

EXHIBITIONS

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Hans Christian Andersen Exhibition. Daily 11-5. Thursdays 11-8. Non-members 1*s.* 3*d.*

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1*s.* 6*d.*, post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Maidstone, until April 10. Admission free.

HIROSHIMA. An exhibition of paintings from Japan by Iri Maruki and Toshiko Akamatsu. College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. March 26-April 7, 12 to 8.30 p.m.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Bearsted Collection. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays and over Easter. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Recent Works by Edward Burra. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibitions by John Hersey and Stanley Lench.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Exhib. Paintings by Manolis Calliyannis.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. Rodrigo Moynihan, Renato Guttuso and S. R. Badmin. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until Apr. 5.

HEAL'S New Designs—1955. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, electric fittings, pottery, etc., by leading designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Christo Coetzee. Till April 15.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Twentieth Century Masters—Boccioni, Braque, Klee, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Severini, etc. Until April 27.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings: Joe McGill & others. 11-5.30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures by Jean Dubuffet. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Sat. until 1 p.m. Mems. free. Adm. 1*s.*

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Modigliani Drawings: Pajetta Paintings.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., April 4, 8.15. Jazz Section. Record Recital Desert Island Discs, Lord Donegall's Personal Choice. "Jazz Portraits": Lester Young & H. Edison by Raymond Horrocks, featuring film "Jammin' the Blues." Mems. 2*s.* 6*d.*, guests 3*s.* 6*d.* Tues., April 5, 8.15. Lecture Series: "Influences on Contemporary Literature" II: "Anthropological Material and Contemporary Literature," by Dr. Godfrey Lienhardt. Chairman: Dr. E. R. Leach. Members 2*s.*, guests 3*s.* Wed., April 6, 8.15. Film Programme: Repeat performance of Kenneth Anger's 3 films "Puce Moment," "Eaux d'Artifice" and "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome." Seats bookable in advance, 5*s.* Thurs., April 7, 8.15. Lecture Series. 4th in Series of illus. talks, "The Movies as a Mass Medium," by Lawrence Alloway. Mem. 2*s.* 6*d.*, guests 3*s.* 6*d.* Membership invited.

ALBERT Howard Memorial Lecture. Louis Bromfield, author of "Pleasant Valley," "The Rains Came," etc., will lecture on his work on Malabar farm in Ohio and Brazil, in the Hall of the Royal Empire Society, Craven St., Charing Cross, on Wed., April 6, at 7 p.m. Tickets 3*s.* 6*d.* from Soil Assoc., 8F Hyde Park Mansions, N.W.1. PAD. 3666.

HUNGARY has been a free country for ten years now: Celebration at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, April 3, at 7.30. William Pearson (Scottish Miners' Leader) & János Katona, Hungarian Minister, will speak. Hungarian films and music. Admission 9*d.* Tickets from British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. (BAY. 2642.)

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m., Sunday, April 3. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1, Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse by Rev. W. J. Piggott, M.A., "From Babel to Bethlehem."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENT. London Fabian Society. C. A. R. Crosland, M.P., "Aspects of the Class System," Wed., Apr. 6, 7.30., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welc. 2*s.*

"RELATIONS between Synagogue and Church since the Rise of Christianity"—(3) "The Beginnings of a Change": Lecture by the Rev. Dr. James Parkes, Sunday, April 3, 3.30 p.m. at Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Hall), 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welc.

ALL Nations Social Club. "South African Racialism," by the Rt. Hon. Lord Winster (recently back from South Africa). 8 p.m., Wed., April 6, at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Station). Questions & Discussion. Non-members 1*s.* 6*d.* at door.

E. H. S. BURHOP, F.I.P.: Nuclear Energy for Peace or War. 3.30 p.m., Saturday, April 2, at the College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

ROSE Kosky (National Assembly of Women): "German Views on Rearmament." Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Road, N.W.11 (nr. Regal Cinema), Golders Green. Sunday, April 3, at 7.15.

ARTISTS for Peace in association with the Institute of Contemporary Arts, discussion on the Hiroshima paintings, at the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Sq., Mon., April 4, 8 p.m. Speakers will include Dr. Roland, Peter Reyner Banham, Peter de Francia. Chairman: Sir Herbert Read.

JOHN Summerson on "Sir Christopher Wren," Finsbury Public Libraries, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Av.), Tues., Apr. 5, 8.15. (Arr. by Finsbury Art Group.) Non-mems. 1*s.*

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Apr. 1, at 8 p.m. Dr. Ernst, Recitation "Antichrist." Soloviev. Club closed for Easter. Apr. 22: Rev. Bloom, "The enigma of the Russian thinker Federoff."

RACIAL Unity: Lectures on Racial Problems, 7 p.m., Mon., April 4. Mr. Cedric Dover, "Racial Relations in China." 32 Tavistock Sq. Mems. free. Sub. 10*s.*

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public Lect., Sun., 8 p.m. April 3, "Theosophy & Education."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m. Apr. 3. Dr W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Erasmus Darwin: Scientist and Poet." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1*s.* 6*d.*

PERSONALIST Group. Joint Discussion Social with Personalist Club, with questions & answers on Personalism at 10 Gees Court, W.1 (off Bond St. Stn.). 2*s.* 6*d.*, incl. refreshments. Non-members welcome. Wed., April 6, at 7.30 p.m.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Apr. 1. Annual General Meeting. (All persons desirous of assisting in organisation are invited to attend.) Adm. free. Friday, Apr. 8, Easter. Closed.

"WIE steht es mit Europa?" Talk by Dr. R. Barzel, Bonn, under auspices of German Welfare Council. Tues., April 5, 8 p.m. 368 Finchley Rd., N.W.3. Adm. free.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Perfectibility of the Species." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., April 3, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GOETHE & the Modern World: weekend Apr. 29, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Religious Education" (midweek) May 3.

ESSEX Education Committee. Wansfell Residential Adult College, Piercing Hill, Theydon Bois, Essex. Residential Courses 1955. The new handlist of short residential courses in recreational, cultural and general subjects is now avail. Apply to Warden.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel. PARk 8392).

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

INSTITUTE of Psychiatry (University of London). The next postgraduate course in clinical and educational psychology will start on September 1, 1955. The course, which covers a period of 13 months, prepares students for the University of London Postgraduate Diploma in Psychology (Section D—Abnormal Psychology). It is open to graduates with an honours degree in psychology or its equivalent. Applicants who propose to specialise in educational psychology must have appropriate training and experience in education. Vacancies are limited and therefore further inquiries and applications should be made as soon as possible to the Psychology Department, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

THE English School of Languages, La Tour de Peilz, Switzerland, an international residential centre for students of both sexes of sixth form standard and upwards, is offering a scholarship to the value of 1,000 Swiss francs, and two exhibitions of 500 francs for the school year 1955-56, for competition on May 4. They are intended to help students who would not otherwise be able to afford the fees. The scholarship will be awarded to the candidate obtaining the best results in French, and either German, Italian or Spanish. The exhibitions are offered to boys who reach a reasonable standard in French and also play a musical instrument. A six weeks' summer course, to be held at the school from July 4 to August 13 will be especially useful to students preparing university entrance and scholarship examinations in the autumn, though there will also be courses for beginners and those of medium standard. Fees, including excursions and all usual extras, 650 francs. Particulars from the Principal, Miss M. M. Tregear, B.A.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. New Courses April 19. Day and resident students Canteen.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn (all examining Boards) London B.A. B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

LATIN, Greek & German for all grades by professional tutor. Box 5834.

SPANISH Evening Classes. All grades. The Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

THE School of Self Management where you can learn to overcome bad habits of posture, movement and tension. In addition to private lessons there are special classes for housewives, pregnant women, children, and special groups by arrangement, as well as a Training Course for Teachers of the method. Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Tel. PARk 7222.

PAINTING Rooms: Day & Evening Classes, with models. Private tuition if desired. Reasonable terms. 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 7603 or MAI. 7096.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

EASTER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Easter School, April 7-11, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Life in a Socialist Britain. Lord Campion, Wilfred Fienburgh, Ian Mikardo, Malcolm Muggeridge, Sir Leslie Plummer, W. A. Robson. Details: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ART Films and Film Art. Easter Course in Central London, April 12-15. Speakers include Felix Topolski, Halas & Batchelor. 30*s.* incl. Details: British Film Institute, 4 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0581.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Surface Mail to any address in the world:
One year, £2 5*s.* 0*d.* 6 months, £1 2*s.* 6*d.* 3 months, 11*s.* 6*d.*

Air Mail to any address in Europe: £3 12*s.* 0*d.* yearly.
To other countries: by special quotation.

Air Express (posted immediately on arrival at main airport):
Africa: South, £4 12*s.* 6*d.* East, £4 10*s.* West, £4 5*s.* India and Pakistan £4 12*s.* 6*d.*
Singapore and Malay, £5. 5*s.* Australia, £6 5*s.*

Special Service to Canada & U.S.A. Residents in North America may remit for Surface or Air Express subscriptions to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC. 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y. at these rates:
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly

All subscriptions are pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE on this issue: Inland 1½d.; Foreign 1½d.; Canada 1d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Holborn 8471)

For SUMMER SCHOOLS see page 487

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 483, 4, 5, 6, 7

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1: Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.